RED SHE SAID

MTL
summer 83

.90$

INDUSTRIAL SUPPLEMENT

KING SUNNY ADÉ
TALKING HEADS
VIRGIN PRUNES
JAH WOBBLE
NEW ORDER
RAMONES
FALL
DOA
DK'S

SITUATIONISM
VANCOUVER 5

ARCMTL 2017

Table of Contents

Virgin Prunes ..... Interview 3

Dead Kennedys ..... Review 4

Jah Wobble ..... Interview 4

New Order ..... Review 5

DOA ..... Interview 6

King Sunny Adé ..... Interview 7

Talking Heads ..... Review .....

Situationism 8

Industrial Supplement 9

Fall Interview 13

Fall Review 14

Ramones ..... Interview 15

Shriekback/Vancouver 5 16

Record Reviews 17

If you have any desire to communicate with RSS, Our Address is:

Red She Said
1040 Wilson suite 1A
Montréal, H4A 2T2

We're back! After several months & a bit of a re-think, RSS has returned.

RSS covers the alternative music scene, but we're also interested in much more than that. You will see what we mean in forthcoming issues.

Editorial Board:

Editor ..... Ted E.
Asst. Editors ..... MK, Peter Dubé
Layout/Design ..... Ted E.
Layout (Industrial) ..... Placebo
Layout Assitance ..... Peter Dubé, MK
Photo Editor ..... M.K.

Writers:

Ted E.
Mark N.
Peter Dubé
Martin Siberok
Clea Notar
Norman Mackay
Stephen Lamont
Renato Mordegan
Marco Savic

Photography:

All photos MK (unless otherwise noted)
plus John, Eyal Kattan, Michele Mayers

Thanks to:

R. Roche
Alternative Bookstore
Karen Bob (for TH)
Radio McGill
McGill Daily Publications Society (Michel-Adrien Sheppard and Colin Tomlins)
Cathy, Eileen, Ken, John F., Steve Doucet

ARCHIVE 2017

VIRGIN PRUNES

manic shaman

an interview by

peter dubé and clea notar

Coversive: Gavin Friday, Dave-id Busarus
Cohesive: Dik
Coherent: Peter Dubé
Incoherent: C. Red (inflamed lymph node)
At the controls: Martha Marie

This interview was transcribed courtesy of Radio McGill, CFRM 91.7 Cable FM.

GAVIN: Hello.

RED: We're speaking to some Virgin Prunes. Three, as a matter of fact and they're going to introduce themselves.

DAVE-ID: Ah, David Busarus Hampster String Logical Garden Spastic Society E.T. Fuck Off.

RSS: How about you young man in the fishnet stockings and the silk drawers...

G: They're not drawers. They're culottes.

RSS: Culottes, pardon me.

G: My mother makes all my clothes.

RSS: What do your parents think about what you're doing?

G: My mother thinks we're wonderful.

RSS: She's seen you guys prancing about on stage?

G: We don't prance.

RSS: She's seen you...doing what you do.

G: We don't prance. She's seen us doing what we do. Yes.

RSS: Could you possibly tell our audience what it is you do on stage.

G: Oh, I couldn't say. It's a very special thing. I'm not going to tell them--they have to see us.

P: I want to ask you about Wilde and why you quoted him in Theme for Thought.

G: Oscar Wilde was born in Dublin. He had to go to England so people could understand him. Oscar Wilde is somebody who inspires us. The reason in Theme for Thought is because Wilde is one of the few men who could say something very sharp, something very beautiful, something horrible, something cynical all in one way.
(Dik's brother's band U2 filters in through a doorway)
A hundred years ago in Ireland was...

D: Even worse than it is today.

G: They all had to leave--Joyce had to leave. They all became exiles. It's a bit like that for us.

P: Is the concept behind A New Form of Beauty a deliberate attempt to form a certain aesthetic?
(complications. We lose the answer in technical tape troubles. Will Gavin repeat it for us?)

G: I said it all and the tape wasn't on.

RSS: Too bad then, audience, you're not going to hear it. It was something along the lines of it is...because it is

G: Ahhh...Bollocks.

RSS: Alright, alright next question. How did you end up with the more or less male persona on stage and Guggi with the female persona?

G: Do you think so?

RSS: I think the whole stage thing seems to deal with sex roles and the fine lines between them. I could be completely wrong.

G: You are wrong. Sex isn't the main thing behind us. I think on stage we get rid of the whole sex thing. You see Guggi can be both, plus he's got better legs.

RSS: I don't know about that. Alright then why are you mainly dressed in black and Guggi wears the white wedding gown?

G: I'm a blacker person.

RSS: That's it he's Good and you're Evil!

G: No, I'm torn between both.
(dramatic pause)

RSS: That's pretty heavy.
(riotous laughter)
That's pretty profound.

P: The stage show is largely performance. Have you ever thought of doing pure performance art?

D: We sort of toyed with the idea but we were never serious about it. It's not something we really want to do.

G: In this form, music, well alright, there's these sort of barriers everywhere but we can get through, we can channel our energy through if whereas...I couldn't take the people in the performance business and in the theatre business.

RSS: Why do you think people come to see the Virgin Prunes?

G: Oh there are one hundred and ten reasons.

RSS: Name them all.

G: Okay, well, I mean some come to see Guggi, some come to hear Dik's guitar...

D: Some come 'cause they're turned on by Gavin.

G: Some 'cause they're turned on. There are many different reasons and it's not for us to examine these reasons. If someone likes the Virgin Prunes because they mean this, that and this and the philosophy of life to them or "God, I really like the way they dress"...who am I to say that some kid who hasn't an idea what the Virgin Prunes is about is wrong? I mean, whenever we talk to them, they say "I think you're just like Bauhaus and Adam 'n' the Ants", we say "Well not really." We talk to them about that.

RSS: I think you're still working through established channels and I'm not saying you ever stated "We're going to be totally different and break all barriers..."

G: We never said that.

RSS: When I saw you (live) the first thing I thought was "you'd be a lot more powerful if I was sitting in the theatre watching you and I wasn't in a rock club, because that's what it was.

G: Well, there was a pub vibe atmosphere. And we don't usually play places like that. We usually play places with a high stage so that we can channel it from there. I agree with you. I agree that it wasn't the right environment--not that the people were wrong. There was a slumpy boozy atmosphere there. But the way we look at it we want to play America and we want to play Canada. The next time we come back we'll be playing proper venues. We do play theatres--all through France and it was really the right atmosphere. But we don't do theatre.

RSS: Then what would you say you so? If someone were to come up to you and say what do you do what would you say?
(pause)

G: I'm a virgin Prune.
(he pauses)

RSS: And they would say..."Wow." And that would be the end of the conversation.

G: Yeah, that would.
(laughter to fill the heavens)

Epilogue: We bid adieu.

G: Dik?

D: Yes, I'm Dik. 'Bye.

DAVE-ID: I'm Dave-id Busarus. Good-bye ...and good luck...to the people of Canada...and I wish them well...in the future.

G: I'm Gavin Friday from the Virgin Prunes. 'Bye 'Bye.
(José their tour manager slinks in)
Hey José come here. Come say good-bye. Say good-bye to the people of Montréal.
(José leans towards the mike)

J: Run to your ships. Abandon your country.

John was the first to go, then Robert; Ted died at Chappaquidick. The American Dream — dead. Maybe the Kennedys weren't the dream, but they were certainly the last people that the American public trusted. Their deaths mean a *symbolic* death.

Of course, I could just as easily argue the death of the American Dream from any other given event in American history, *most especially*, the American "Revolution".

If we could define the Dream as an ideal — an abstract concept of freedom, liberty, equality, we can see that in capitalist America, this Dream was just that — a dream — it never materialized.

And the Dead Kennedys — America's greatest enemy and also its greatest friend; depends on what side you're on. The DK's present an image of America falling apart. Their songs and their shows are an anguished cry against complacency and apathy — they are one of the few who understand.

In June, Montreal saw a hardcore extravaganza led by Jello Biafra who postured and preached like a demented evangelist. With an energy exceeded only by his audience's, the DK's polemical vocalist spat out the classics that what seemed to be every punk, hardcore and skin in the Greater Montreal area had turned out to see and hear. *"Too Drunk To Fuck"* and *"California Über Alles"* were met with endless slamming bodies being showered upon by yet more bodies.

Witness the American Dream. Did anyone take home anything more lasting than a bruise?

You can read an interview with the DK's in the latest edition (n° 1) of *APB* — a Montreal fanzine.

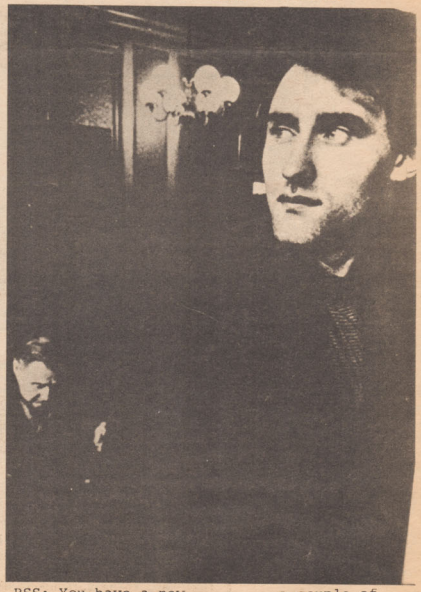
Peter Dubé
Ted E.

FAT

ARCMTL 2007

INTERVIEW: JAH WOBBLE

BY MARTIN SIBEROK



RSS: You have a new band called Invaders of the Heart.

Jah: Yeah, that's right. It's a six-piece band; it's got Annie Whitehead on trombone, Ollie Marland on keyboards, Animal (Dave Maltby) on guitar, Lee Parkhue on drums, Neville Murry on percussion and me on bass.

RSS: Are you a member of the Invaders, or is it Jah Wobble and the Invaders?

Jah: That's just done for booking- it's really called The Invaders of the Heart Band. All I really want to do is be part of a musical band. If we put it out under just that name we probably wouldn't get any bookings.

RSS: Do you mind being classified as ex-PIL bassist?

Jah: Actually that happens less and less now in Britain, because it's a couple of years ago. Alot of people don't even mention it now.

RSS: But over here in North America one still thinks of you as PIL bassist.

Jah: Yeah, sure. Hopefully that will ease out in another year. But I don't mind because it was something I was involved in and people are bound to mention it.

RSS: So your past doesn't haunt you?

Jah: No, not at all.

RSS: Where did you get your name Jah Wobble from?

Jah: I got called Wobble as a nickname, and Jah Wobble because I was into reggae.

RSS: So, do people call you Wobble or Jah?

Jah: John, normally.

RSS: Is that your real name?

Jah: Yeah! John, John Wardle.

RSS: On your Betrayal album there is a heavy reggae influence.

Jah: Yeah! The new band has a load of different influences: Brazilian,reggae Islamic funk.... That'a a new term for you!

RSS: So alot of Third World influences.

Jah: That's right. What I want is a band that just plays music, refreshing music with no pretensions. Alot of people come to the gigs who are very bored with every thing. And alot of them get off on what we play 'cos it's new and there's no band around like us.

RSS: You just brought out a new album called Bedroom Album- do you play stuff off that?

Jah: One or two of the things are enlarged on. But with a band it's a lot heavier and refined.

RSS: On Bedroom you play all the instruments, except for Animal on guitar.

Jah: That's right! Some of it was recorded six-seven years ago. I've just been recording it on and off.

RSS: And was the album actually recorded in your bedroom?

Jah: Yeah-on one 4-track in the bedroom.

RSS: So very fundamental stuff.

Jah: Yeah, I like doing different types of recordings! sometimes that kind of recording, a very natural kind of recording, and sometimes in a big 24-track studio. I've just been doing some stuff with the band and with The Edge from U2.

RSS: What have you been doing with The Edge?

Jah: It's like an EP, and he plays on two tracks on it. On one hand I've got that, and then there,s the band's first single, recorded on 24-track. It's the best thing I have ever had any thing to do with- the best music I've ever played.

RSS: How long is this North American tour going to last?

Jah: About seven weeks We are going to Texas and L.A. All over really, even Louisiana.

RSS: What's been the response so far?

Jah: Normally about 25 per cent of the audience walk out.

RSS: Why is that?

Jah: We don't do any thing avant-garde or extreme. We always end up with a load of people dancing. We're a dance band essentially. We don't lay any pretension trip on anybody.

RSS: And you want the audience to dance.

Jah: We don't mind- whatever people want to do- I'm not going to harangue people to do anything.

RSS: So you are not into confrontation as PIL is?

Jah: We always do our best on stage.

NEW ORDER ALIVE!

Joy Division. There, I'll put it up front, the name that looms in a supposedly ominous fashion over everything that has to be said about New Order. Even the old enemy, CHOM FM, cannot refrain from mentioning the group they almost completely ignored every time the triumphant strains of "Age of Consent" recharge our airwaves. "New order, the band formed from the remnants of Joy Division, after lead singer Ian Curtis blah blah blah..." And now that JD have become the favorite band of every hip young record company exec and program director, the danger is very real of New Order being some sort of open tomb to whom reverence is due, as well as a second chance for those who missed out on JD

However, Albrecht, Hook and Morris didn't succeed first time around through stupidity. These young men have heads on their shoulders. After a shaky, murky beginning (the brilliant, yet still JDish "Ceremony", the disappointing but important "Everything's Gone Green", and that apparently awful yet persistent first album), last year's "Temptation" single firmly established their position on the forefront of modern music. I'd almost given up hope for them, seemingly scurrying around aimlessly, denying their roots and at the same time shamelessly plundering them in a second-rate fashion. But that wonderful song, unashamadely about good old romantic love, was a real eye opener. It showed the boys had finally gone back to their old records, rediscovered their emotional strengths, yes; but more importantly their artistic weaknesses, namely, a tendency to concentrate on only one side of life. And from here all they had to do was open up, look around, broaden out and concentrate on life, not death

Without realising this, those who saw them in Montreal for the first time on July 5th must have been bemused. Peter Hook, legs spread, pelvis thrusting, Albrecht in Bermuda shorts and giggling in the middle of numbers, inviting roadies onstage to sing. All very sacreligious, Curtis must be spinning in his grave etc. etc. New Order have finally realised that rock'n'roll and art do not neccessarily mix to form depression. There is a lighter side, just as important and intense, that includes love, sex, humour et al. The best illustration of all this is their new single "Confusion"the story of an ordinary chap by the name of Andy, his girlfriend Ruth, and their love. A love that is a mixture of magic ("it comes from above") and reality("I'm going to nail her to the bed when I get home"). Bernie even slipped in a boast about his genitals! I'd say it'll be the single of the year when it comes out.

Other than that we got a set of twelve well-chosen songs (they normally play only ten), spanning their whole post-JD repertoire. The crowd yelled for "Ceremony" but they're obviously sick of that by now. It was enjoyable on any level: physical, visual, intellectual, emotional. I'd consider them the most important band in the world right now. Give them time and they'll be better than Joy Division ever were. - Stephen Lemons

The oldest form of social specialization, the specialization of power, is at the root of the spectacle. The spectacle is thus a specialized activity which speaks for all the others. It is the diplomatic representation of hierarchic society to itself, where all other expression is barred. Here the most modern is also the most archaic.

cheap thrills
1433 BISHOP ST. TEL. 844-7604
BUYS & SELLS
NEW & USED RECORDS

ARCMTL 2017

INTERVIEW: The Ramones

BY TED E

RSS: You guys have been pretty quiet in the past few years. What have you been doing with yourselves?

DEE DEE: Well, we haven't been that quiet we've been working, we've been writing a lot of material. You know, you can't always play. We've been on the road for a lot of years; we had to take off a couple of months there, to rest.

RSS: So you've been writing, thinking about your career.

DEE DEE: Ya, Ya.

RSS: Are you happy with the way its going?

DEE DEE: Ya, we are-we're the world's biggest cult band I guess, and its a nice position to have.

RSS: On the posters in Montreal, you're advertised as "The Sound of '77", what do you think about that?

DEE DEE: Well, I think our sound is very relevant to the '80's too, I mean a lot of bands that are playing in the '80's sound a lot like the Ramones too. And, uh, I want to keep playing this music for a long time. But we are the sound of '77, we are a punk sound I guess. They think the sound of '77 is the punk sound and that's what we are -live anyways.

RSS: It rings of nostalgia though.

DEE DEE: Well, I guess it happens- it is nostalgic in a way, but I see plenty of punks around still. Punk isn't dead.

RSS: You worked with other producers on your later albums which gave you guys a more commercial sound. I'm thinking of Phil Spector, for example. What did you think of that album? (END OF THE CENTURY).

DEE DEE: Well, I don't like it. I want to make a new album now- a very hard album, a very punk album. But, uh, at that time, when we were working with Phil Spector, everybody wanted us. The record company, our manager... -everybody wanted us to be a big success and they told us that was the only producer that we could work with; and we made an album with him and he took over the whole project and we can't be bossed around like that. 'Cause we want know what we want to sound like. We can't sound like Phil Spector!

RSS: Ya-I remember reading in a magazine that Phil Spector had you doing take after take trying to get it down to some idea of perfection.

DEE DEE: I think the best way to do it is in one or two takes. That's how we like to do it. We always did it before and Phil Spector just wanted to keep doing it over and over.

RSS: I heard that it upset you at the time, but does it still? And when you look back at it-do you think that you learned anything, doing it like that?

DEE DEE: Well we finally learned, on this album (SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE) how to produce an album and what we're doing. It took us that long.

RSS: You've gone back to an earlier producer on this album, haven't you?

DEE DEE: No, we used Ritchie Cornell.

RSS: O.K., because this new album sounds the most like your first, lets say, four albums. It's going back to that more energetic sound.

DEE DEE: That's what we wanted.

RSS: You were saying earlier that you wanted to get back to a more hardcore sound, you're not talking about Subterranean Jungle are you?

DEE DEE: No, the new one that we're going to make.

RSS: And when is that coming out?

DEE DEE: Oh, it won't be out for at least 7 or 8 months.

RSS: So you have songs for that one already?

DEE DEE: Ya.

RSS: Will you be doing any old songs on the upcoming album as you've done on earlier albums, such as Surfing Bird and Let's Dance.

DEE DEE: No.

RSS: Why not?

DEE DEE: Well, we can't think of any good ones to do.

RSS: Did you like doing that Phil Spector song?

DEE DEE: No, I didn't play on it. John and I went home. We said "Forget it, we're not doing it!"

RSS: Ya?!

DEE DEE: You mean "Baby I Love You"? (from End of the Century).

RSS: Ya, exactly.

DEE DEE: No, we didn't play on that, we were disgusted with the whole project and we just wanted to go home. Agh, -he told us he was putting an orchestra on it; what did he need us for, you know? Once we heard that, we just said "Well, we don't want to do it".

RSS: So that album was more like the record company saying, "Alright, now we want you to become big rock stars -this is how you so it"...

DEE DEE: Ya, that's what they said.

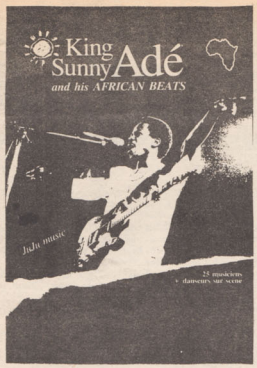
RSS: ...let's get the producer in, let's get the orchestra in...

DEE DEE: We lost interest in the album and went home and I didn't hear the tapes until about 2 months later. And then they said, "Well we're putting an album out." But we worked real hard on the SUBTERRANEAN JUNGLE album and that's the album where we're getting back to the Ramones' sound. We want to sound like our old sound.

RSS: How has the resurgence of hardcore affected you?

DEE DEE: Well, I'm very influenced by the hardcore movement. I go to alot of hardcore shows and all my new songs sound very hardcore to me.

RSS: This is something that I wanted to ask you. You've heard Sid Vicious' version of Chinese Rocks, what did you think of it?



by Martin Siberok

RSS: Welcome to Montréal.
KSA: Thank you very much.
RSS: King Sunny, you're riding on a wave at the moment. It's a new era over here of African music. How do you find the reception in North America?
KSA: Thank you very much for your comment and I find it so tremendous. I am very happy the way they've received me and my band here.
RSS: Could you tell our readers something about juju music?
KSA: Definitely. Juju has been played by the worshippers of the goddess of the sea in the olden days since before my great-grandfather was born - even before the religions, before the Christians and the Moslems came to Africa. All this music used to be played in shrines. My ancestors brought this music out from the religion. Now they're playing it in places where it no longer has anything to do with religion.

Some of the instruments that we are using, like the talking drum, was used as a communication system in the olden days. All of these grouped together make a music called apala. Juju music came out from apala. A tambourine, called juju, was introduced into it. It's like a flat plate, but it's metal and it has rings around it. When you play it, it sounds "juju, juju". The colonials, they didn't know the name that they should give to that, then they said, well - this is juju music!

We find it to be a name and an identity for that particular kind of music, so we got hold of the name. But it has nothing to do with any religion or ritual, black magic or anything magic. It's a music on its own - for dancing, for pleasure, for enjoyment, for education, for anything.

RSS: In your music you use the traditional African instruments and then you use a lot of Western instruments, guitar, and you even use a steel pedal guitar. Why did you pick a steel pedal?
KSA: Well, we have an African violin that sounds like a pedal steel guitar. But everyone wants modern technology. When you're playing for a large audience you have to use microphones to give the sound to the people far away - to give the actual sounds. And that's also how the guitar and pedal steel came. There's a lot of African instruments that sound like pedal steel. I incorporate it into my music, instead of using the other instruments where I'd have to be using microphones, but playing it in the African way and not in the country music way.
RSS: You mentioned Western influences on your music, but you're influencing a lot of bands at the moment, a lot of new wave bands like the Talking Heads with their African rhythms. In England you have Bow Wow Wow and Adam Ant. Do you ever listen to these new bands?
KSA: Yes I do listen to them and I find it so amazing because it's more real for the big bands to incorporate African music and say to the people that they have been influenced by the African, or black, music. Whereas most of the big bands before - they used to incorporate African music but they wouldn't say where it came from. They would tell you, "This is our own sound."

Now people really want to know where black music comes from, they want to hear much more from Africa. Now the people know the difference between Western and African music. The moment that you play a sound they will quickly get it that you are playing something similar to African music now. The whole world is changing; now is the time, I believe, when Africa is in the centre of the world. We have to look and find the roots of all the music from there, because I believe that the roots of all music came from Africa. Most of the music which is the traditional music over here is jazz and the roots of jazz is from Africa.

So we are now playing the roots and the people are playing the top here. Now the top is going back to where it came from and we are bringing the root from Africa - now we are meeting in the centre. That means there's a lot of Western instruments here, a lot of root African music here. We meet in the centre, but we get hold of the roots - so that's it.
RSS: What do you think of when people talk about Bob Marley, who was called the big voice of the Third World, and now they're talking about King Sunny Adé as being the new voice of the Third World. How do you find the new laurels?
KSA: Well, thank you. But that's always something that's been obstructing my mind, when the people say "Third World." Third World? I don't know what "Third World" means to people because I believe there's no First World, no Second World, no Third World. A world is a world. Who are these people in these worlds? It was we people who classified the generation.

But to go straight into your question: Bob Marley is a legend on his own but his music is quite different from mine. We don't play alike but we come from the same roots, that's what we have in common, the music and we're Africans. He's on his own, I'm on mine and to me, I believe he's not dead, Bob Marley's still on, so comparing me to Bob Marley - we're not on the same direction. He's playing reggae music, I'm playing juju music. We took the music from the same root and he goes on this way and I go on my.
RSS: You have two domestically released albums here, Juju Music and Synchro-systems which are, I understand, compilations, taken from the forty albums that you have. You sing in Yoruba, your native tongue and I was wondering what your songs were about.
KSA: I sing love songs, love your neighbour as you love yourself, mostly, and I sing philosophical songs and occasionally I sing traditional songs. I sing songs for kids too. I sing in order to make people happy-- happy party songs. When everyone's making a party and enjoying themselves - that's the kind of music I'm playing.
RSS: What are your plans for the future or are you just going to keep on playing music?
KSA: Well, everybody has plans for his life, but I believe that the future will take care of itself.
RSS: Can we expect you back in Montréal again?
KSA: Well I hope so because I love the people here. The reaction to my music from them is very, very impressive and I'd love to come back again, if they want me to.

TALKING HEADS

The Olympic Stadium with its cavernous depths is not the kind of place to establish an intimate ambience. This is the kind of venue which, if your not on of the few thousand on the floor, you might as well stay home and watch television. The only reason that shows appear to be held in this outdoor extension of the subway seems to be to fill the coffers of bloated super groups-ie. The Police- and to make a nice hefty profit for their promoters. Most of the people were there to see the Police as witnessed by the throngs of post-pubescent children emblazoned with the T-Shirts of their heroes. However the only reason many people were there was to see the Talking Heads first Montreal appearance. How a group the calibre of the Heads can back up a redundant bunch of hippies posing as sophisticated punks is beyond me; popular radio demographics I guess.

Their was an electricity in the air as the crowd waited the better part of an hour between Peter Tosh's watered down reggae and the arrival of the Talking Heads (confirming without a doubt the inanity of MTV). When the lights finally went down, a solitary David Byrne appeared on stage with an acoustic guitar and broke into a truly inspired extended wooden version of Psycho Killer; the only accompaniment being a drum machine's sparse beat. Then the rest of the Heads (Tina Weymouth, Chris Franz and Jerry Harrison) along with the five extra musicians of the touring big band arrived and broke into Burning Down the House; its afro-funk groove and instrumental subtlety

(cont'd p.19)

— Mark N

SITUATIONISM

The following is a reprint of situationist articles printed in **"Re Search"** *nos. 1 & 2. The term "situationism" itself is looked upon as a misnomer by situationists; "ISM" implying a set of fixed dogmas and beliefs. The title of this article should thus be looked upon as a convenient classification, not an actual working definition.*

Special thanks to Andrea Juno, and Vale of **"Re Search"** *for permission to reprint the following, and also to the* **"Last International"** *for parts of the content.*

WHAT IS "SITUATIONISM"?

Situationism, n. (From the Fr. situationniste, a neologism related to "situation," etc.)

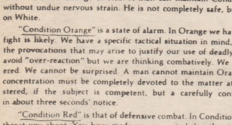
1) Of or referring to the practice of theory of the SITUATIONIST INTERNATIONAL (1957-1971), an international but French-centered avantgarde and ultraleft formation with its origins in the dada/surrealist milieu, later also influenced by Hegelian Marxism, council communism, Nietzsche, Fourier, the early Wilhelm Reich and the anarchists.

2) A theory of contemporary class society (capitalist and "communist" alike) and its culture as an integrated ensemble of ideological mystifications and social controls. This totalitarian totality presents itself as the "spectacle," an organization of appearances interposed between isolated, enervated individuals (all alone together) and a world which, though these same people recreate it from scratch every day by their own alienated activity (work, consumption, voting, etc.) -- is nonetheless experienced as foreign and beyond their control! And so it is. Separation, specialization and the trained incapacity of idiot savants are some of the spectacle's characteristics: subtle sexual repression still turns the wheels (and the pages).

Spectacular society is adept at "recuperation," i.e., assimilating would-be oppositional currents which, by challenging only isolated aspects of the world-system, end up unwittingly propping it up -- the totality's jujitsu uses their own strength against them (examples: the left, punk, the counter-culture, unions, feminism, modern art). "We must go further, dissociate ourselves from both modern culture and from its negation. We are not working for the spectacle of the end of the world, but for the end of the world of the spectacle."

Against the prevalent colonized consciousness, the situationists tried to mobilize a "radical subjectivity" free of inhibitions, conditioning and moralism. Instead of role-playing, aspiring "masters without slaves" would play with the roles. Collectively engaged, the power of passionate lucidity and ruthless joy preys upon and practically supersedes sterile canned categories and forced-choices like work/play, egoism/altruism, reason/emotion, theory/practice, individual/social, etc. Irony, paradox, wordplay, invective are only a few of the tools of a merciless CRITIQUE of the old order and all that perpetuates it. "Boredom is always counter-revolutionary": the measure of everyday political/economic/cultural practice or principle is its meaning for EVERYDAY LIFE.

3) Any of various ideological deformations of 2 above, by the sits themselves or their epigones (known as "pro-situs"), which in one way or another neuter the project's revolutionary implications -- typically by indulging the sits' own characteristic vices: the tendency to encapsulate "theory" as self-sufficient, or to redefine the task as a job for experts, or to posit situationism as a treasured but arcane lore with esoteric scriptures ("texts") to be preserved from the insolent gaze of the vulgar and reserved for rapt contemplation by coteries of intellectuals, preferably from France or California. Situationism, too, can be (and has been) "recuperated." At this late date, that which is alive in situationism most often takes itself felt in the activity of intransigents who are indifferent to the "situationist" label or even disclaim it.



Additional targets are:
Businesses: big and small
Banks
Police
Government
Military
Reagan
All leaders

MARLON BRANDO'S SEX LIFE

"Condition White" is a normal, non-combative state of mind. It is where we would prefer to live. In Condition White we do not expect trouble. No one nearby constitutes any conceivable threat. We need not look behind us. We feel perfectly safe (with what we believe to be sufficient reason), and we are not armed. If we are attacked when in Condition White we will be completely surprised, and we will probably die.

"Condition Yellow" is a state of relaxed alertness. It must always be assumed whenever we wear a gun. In Condition Yellow we do not expect any specific hostile act, but we are aware that something of the sort is possible. We maintain an easy but steady 360° surveillance. We know who is behind us. We stay out of arm's length of strangers, insofar as possible. The policeman, on duty, is always on Yellow—except when he is on Orange or Red. A man can maintain Condition Yellow indefinitely, without undue nervous strain. He is not completely safe, but he is much safer than on White.

"Condition Orange" is a state of alarm. In Orange we have reason to believe that a fight is likely. We have a specific tactical situation in mind, and we have considered the provocations that may arise to justify our use of deadly force. We are careful to avoid "over-reaction" but we are thinking combatively. We keep our backs well covered. We cannot be surprised. A man cannot maintain Orange for very long, as his concentration must be completely devoted to the matter at hand. The pistol is holstered, if the subject is competent, but a carefully controlled shot is available in about three seconds' notice.

"Condition Red" is that of defensive combat. In Condition Red, if you see a deadly threat you shoot. You have made up your mind that that is what the situation warrants, and only certain pre-set checks (a badge, a uniform, etc.) will inhibit your fighting stroke. "All systems are GO." Your pistol may be holstered, but more often it will be in hand, and in either case a controlled shot is available in about one second. A policeman usually enters a tactical situation on Orange, and shifts to Red when he is shot at.

NOTES TOWARD A TESTAMENT IN TRANSIT...

DEFECTS OF THE SPIRIT. The situationists suffered from the artistic avant-garde's addiction to CRITICISM. Modernism, postmodernism--CRITIQUE, the one-eyed god, is mean spirited.

"The 'project' is an attempt to fill the yawning hole, the lack of Being (but it) tells us nothing about a reality that reveals our plenitude in the very heart of emptiness." Octavio Paz

Over-emphasis on theory: 'UNITARY THEORY' is much too Reasonable. Though dialectics may account for historical development (whose coherence is a function of political power), it has little to say about OUTBURST. Thesis-anti-thesis-synthesis does not triangulate Rimbaud....

Unitary theory implies an integrating ego, the subject that strives to overcome its alienation. I would rather be "alienated" than included.

Hegel, Marx, Debord and Vaneigem were optimists of Reason and reasonable Desire. Desire, however, is not a single substance that merely plays "Who Am I?" with itself.

"Each of us is a kind of crossroads where things happen" -- Claude Levi-Strauss.

"Is the one anterior to discontinuity? I do not think so.." -- Jacques Lacan.

Historical Necessity: hindsight or the police or both.

ART AND LIFE, ETC. In SOCIETY OF THE SPECTACLE Debord demands the realization and suppression of art--he calls this its "supersession." This formulation is based on a misunderstanding; that is, art is not a (bourgeois) container for (radical) contents.

Viktor Shklovsky, the Russian Formalist, is more useful here. Already in the 20's he considered art as a production-process that made use of material. Instead of form-and-content, process-and-material. Form-and-content criticism ends up substituting the art of critique for the critique of art. (Does that make you happy?) Furthermore, criticism with a bias toward the consumer/audience-response.

The situationists confused art with its social function. To paint, to write, to compose, to film, is not automatically to shore up an ideology of aestheticism or the art market. And not to commit art is no proof against aestheticism -- there is a situationist aesthetic trademarking their pamphlets, agit-prop cartoons, vocabulary, author-tsarian posing.

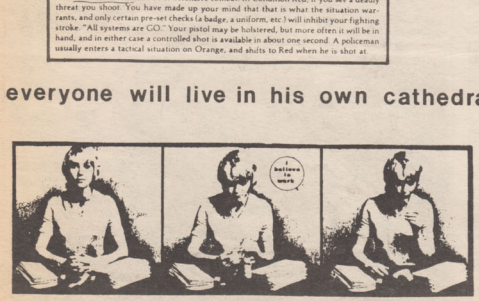
"I've gone off on a tangent, but..." -- Viktor Shklovsky.

"There are 2 ways of looking at history -- from the point of view of necessity and from the point of view of accident. My conception is that the historical is the result of accident..." -- Shuji Terayma.

WORDS OF POWER (thanks to THE LAST INTERNATIONAL)

ART?	An increasingly inadequate substitute for sex.
BLOOD BANK?	Is there any other kind?
BOREDOM?	Obligatory for sophisticates.
THE BORN-AGAIN?	Twice too often.
CIVILIZATION?	The biosphere's skin disease.
CLASS WAR?	The war to end all wars.
COUNTER-CULTURE?	Less of more-of-the-same.
COUPLES?	Monogamy is monotony.
THE CRUCIFIXION?	Too little and too late.
CYNICISM?	Long since surpassed by events.
DISCO?	The bleat goes on.
DISEASE?	Very dangerous: a leading cause of doctors.
ELECTIONS?	Dumbocracy in action.
FAITH?	Is fatal — get thee behind me, God!
THE FAMILY?	No nukes!
FEMINISM?	Equality with men: a paltry ambition.
FREE TIME?	Work the boss doesn't pay you for.
FULL EMPLOYMENT?	A threat, not a promise.
GAYS?, JEWS?	Elites impersonating the oppressed.
GOVERNMENT?	Guns don't kill, politicians do.
GURUS?	A good mantra is hard to find.
HIPPIES?	Running on empty.
THE HOSTAGES?	Not worth killing, not worth killing for.
JUDGES?	Doddering despots in clown suits.
LAW?	Crime without punishment.
LAWYERS?	Life-support systems for mouths.
THE LEFT?	Left behind.
LEISURE?	Paying & playing are mutually exclusive.
LIBERALS?	Conservatives with guilty consciences.
LIBERTARIANISM?	All the freedom that money can buy.
LIFE AFTER DEATH?	Why wait?
MARXISM?	The highest stage of capitalism.
MASOCHISM?	Like taking your work home with you.
MYSTICS?	Have incommunicable insights they won't shut up about.
NECROPHILIA?	A social disease.
NIHILISTS?	Going beyond good and evil, they stopped half-way.
PEDAGOGICIDE?	A victimless crime.
PLEASURE?	Interludes that accentuate pain.
POLICE?	Terrorists with the right credentials.
POLITICS?	Like a pond; the scum rises to the top.
PREJUDICE?	Folk sociology.
PROPERTY?	Is theft — and theft is proper.
PUNKS?	Hippies with amnesia.
PUNK "VENUES"?	Defoliated fern bars.
PUNQUES?	Punks who attend art school.
RADIO EVANGELISTS?	Less aural sects, more oral sex!
REAGAN?	A step in the Reich direction.
RELATIONSHIPS?	Being alone together.
RELIGION?	Deifying your defects.
THE RIGHT?	Wrong.
ROCK MUSIC?	Has a great future behind it.
R.O.T.C.?	Charnel knowledge.
SAN FRANCISCO?	Baja Sausalito.
THE "SCENE"?	How to be different like everybody else.
SEX?	An increasingly inadequate substitute for masturbation.
SCHOOL VIOLENCE?	Class struggle as struggle in class.
SOCIALISTS?	Sheep in
TEACHERS?	Outclassed.
THERAPY?	Punishment without crime.
TROTSKYISM?	Stalinism out of power.
UTOPIA?	Nostalgia fot the future.
VEGETARIANS?	You are what you eat.
ZIONISM?	Jewish Nazism.

everyone will live in his own cathedral

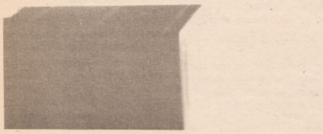


THE LAST INTERNATIONAL
55 Sutter St #87
San Francisco CA 94104

DO YOU EVER FEEL LIKE KILLING YOUR BOSS?

And yet everybody wants to breathe and nobody can breathe and a lot of people say 'we'll be able to breathe later'. And most people don't die because they are already dead.

INDUSTRIAL SUPPLEMENT



MX

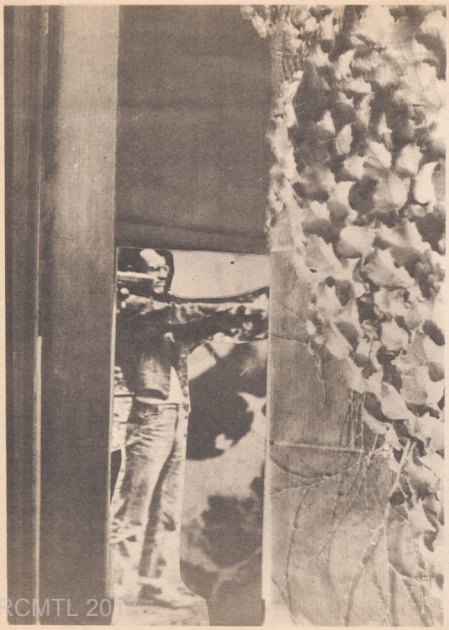
(Photo: Coum Transmissions)

Post-Industrial Strategies

Stan Bingo

Skull: John Harvood

MX



MX

SPK

SPK member (Photo: Vale)

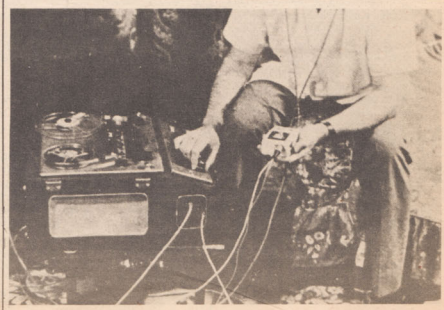


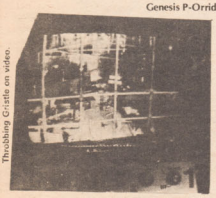
Photo: C.V.

ARCMTL 2017

T.G.

Our gigs are about the brain and perception. It's an instinctive thing, people feel an empathy with the attitude, it doesn't have to be obvious, it's left unsaid. We don't want people to follow us just because they like us, we want them to think, and follow us only if they feel they can identify with the attitude... To always be awake and ready to alter, to be aware that you're mortal and that life isn't about formulas, and that expressions of life (art or music) shouldn't be about formulas either. To be aware, not lazy. We're just showing people they can live this way too, showing them they're not crazy or alone in wanting different things. We want to make people happy, and one of the ways we can do that is by helping to remove guilt, that's the main thing.

Genesis P-Orridge



Throbbing Gristle on video. (Photo: Throbbing Gristle)

Throbbing Gristle, better than any other group of the past decade, represent the spirit, if not the carcass, of post-industrial youth. In many respects T.G. was less a band than a festering growth on the modern milieu; a psychic catalyst rather than a group of musicians. Their attitude, a carefully calculated set of subversive ideals and intent, was as important as their ground breaking forays into bleak industrial collages, dissonance and high-tech camp. This attitude, while constantly in a state of flux, is infused in their material.

It emerges in their work as a cynical absurdism, a biting sardonic wit and an almost psychotic commitment to their aims. T.G. are constantly cajoling you to re-evaluate and re-examine all values and ideas, and to reject automatic acceptance and routine, in effect to test what is conditioned and what is desired.

The legacy that T.G. has left (four albums, a few scattered singles, 24 hours of cassettes and a number of boot-legs) ranges from harrowingly imagistic and cathartic (***Second Annual Report***) to stark sonic architecture (much of ***D.o.A.***), lush electronic pop witticisms (*Something Came Over Me, Hot On The Heels of Love*) manic cognant dissonance, (*Adrenalin, Six Six Six-ties*) and primeval freakouts (*Subhuman, We Hate You Little Girls*). The band made a conscious effort to be unpredictable and as a result their sound varies greatly with each release, though each has the unmistakeable T.G. stamp.

The band's live performances were entitled "Psychic Youth Rallies" in the belief that by being there at the same time, the group and the audience share a mutual empathy and thus a common intent. These performances were predominantly improvised and spontaneous, at the intersection point of dissonant primeval angst and a honed subversive intent. A melange of Genesis' harsh dissonant ramblings, Chris Carter's electronic pulse, Sleazy's visceral tape collages and Cosey's rythmic guitar attack, not to mention her own peculiar "feminine" touch. Inspirational, sometimes subtle, always fresh; entertainment they were not.

T.G. was formed in the fall of 1975 as an extension of the COUM Transmissions performance art group led by Genesis P-Orridge. T.G. was more than just a band, however, they formed their own record company (Industrial) so they could have full control over their product and avoid the usual recording industry pitfalls. It also gave them a chance to release the material of other bands and individuals that they liked, but other established record companies had ignored. Industrial released the first works of Cabaret Voltaire and Clock DVA, two groups similar, at least in form, to T.G.

Sian Biago

T.G., though, was more than just an experimental pop band. In fact, in terms of experimental music, they were not innovators, at least not in the proper sense of the word. Xenakis, Cage, Reich and many others had already pioneered the tape collage, loop, and the use of found sounds. Where T.G. innovated was by taking these elements and turning them into a pop product. Theirs was not Top 40 to be sure but it always had the stylistic qualities of pop: marginally accessible, a short series of musical statements and of course their penchant for packaging. In many ways T.G. was a satire of pop but they never rejected or distanced themselves from the form as, say, SPK does. What T.G. was really all about, as Genesis emphasizes time and again in his interviews, was information. T.G. was out to fight the information war, to do battle with those who do the voice-over on the TV news, select and delete information, and deliver misinformation all in the cause of protecting vested interest.

Real war has become information war. It is being fought by subtle informational media — under cold conditions. Whenever hot wars are necessary these days, we conduct them in the backyards of the world with the old technologies. These wars are *happenings*, tragic games.

This approach is evident in both their music and their packaging. For instance, their Industrial Records logo, "Death Factory", which appears to be a picture of an ordinary factory is, in actuality, the ovens of Aushwitz, a reminder, to Genesis, of mankind's stupidity. When the NME were told this — in combination with Genesis' fascination with images of sex and death and exotic hobbies — they were horrified and refused to cover them, even pretending they didn't exist. The same of course is true of the innocent little girl pictures on the cover of ***D.o.A.***, that outraged so many not because of what they were, but because of their individual preconceptions.

Genesis and Paula P. Orridge at Spahn Ranch

"We are the dead," he said.
"We are the dead," echoed Julie dutifully.
"You are the dead," said an iron voice behind them.

T.G. of course did not unwittingly shock and outrage, it was part of their tactics. They were out to barrage you with what can be termed dissonant information; that information that one cannot receive through accepted channels. Songs like *Hamburger Lady, E Coli* and *Persuasion* were disseminating information in such a way that one can perceive the nature of the issue, whether it be a chronic burn victim or genetic engineering. The songs *Persuasion* and *Convincing People* describe one of their central obsessions; the mechanism of power and it's instruments. The controls that society employs to keep stupid and ignorant the majority of the people, to thwart their development all in the name of the selfish power games and ego satisfaction of those who rule.

There is much more that could be said about T.G., but this isn't something you can just read about. Their records and videos document their work so it is suggested that you delve into them, that is if you haven't already.

Let's leave Genesis with the final word.

«I AM ONE OF THE INJURED»

THE LION IN THE CAGE

We live in limbo and thirst for freedom. Freedom of all forms of movement. To escape from existence in a world focused on perpetuating self-doubt and self-imitation. A dance of life is a dance of death. A body its cage. Time and mortality its bars. Deviate and escape.

Vested interest of every kind want us lazy and atrophied. Every waking moment conspires to constrain our potential both physical and mental, yet we have no responsibility to anybody to exist on any plane.

Man's fall from grace is his fall from inner security. His defeat is his surrender to conditioned boundaries imposed by the strict regime of acceptibil;ity instead of the natural honesty of his individual instinct that recognizes all things to be in a state of flux. Music can express this flux

TG Los Angelas 1981 (Photo: Suzan Carson!)

Vale "There are a lot of side issues, but the only real revolution takes place inside people's heads, so it's a very slow, organic process, and that's not a defeatist attitude, it's just realizing that what you have to work on is people, not politics, getting more and more people to move across and perceive the world in what I would consider a more realistic way, and that makes politicians totally redundant."

freely in a flexing of rhythm and sound. Music is ecstasy, mystery and power divined by those who see no seperation between private and public in their attitude to all moments of daily life. The motive for a meal, music or making love become the same. To simply find and be yourself without guilt, without competition, without games.

*We are trained to not even **want** to think. Decondition the condition. Conditioning is control. Control is stability. Stability is safety for those with a vested interest in control. Let's go out of control. What breaks this cycle is a psychic jolt. Music is magick, a religious phenomena that short circuits control through human response. The moment we forget ourselves and end the limbo-dance we enter a world of struggle, joy and clarity. A tragic but magickal world where it is possible to accept mortality and thereby deny death. Experience without dogma, anguish without shame or sham. A morality of anti-cult. Occult culture. Its rituals collective yet private, performed in public but invisible. White souls stripped bare to reveal bleeding yet hopeful sadness. The rites of youth. Our alchemical human heritage, encased like a cadaver in black suit.*

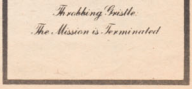
To live is to either exist, or to struggle against imposed controls and fight for an individual destiny, vision and expression. Franz Kafka said:

"I do not hope for victory. I do not enjoy the struggle for its own sake, I could only enjoy it because it is all I can do. As such the struggle does indeed fill me with a joy which is more than I can really enjoy, more than I can give, and I shall probably end by succumbing not to the struggle but to the joy."

Genesis P-Orridge
London, December 1980

DISCOGRAPHY
(On Industrial Records)

Second Annual Report LP (IR 0002)
United/Zyklon B Zombie 45 (IR 0003)
D.o.A. The Third and Final Report LP (IR 0004)
Twenty Jazz Funk Greats LP (IR 0008)
Heathen Earth LP (IR 0009)
Subhuman/Something Came Over Me 45 (IR 0013)
Adrenalin/Distant Dreams (Part Two) 45 (IR 0015)



SPK

PETER DUBÉ

SPK; from Socialist Patients Kollective, a group of German mental patients who set up a terrorist unit. This group popularized the slogan "Kill, Kill, Kill for inner peace and mental health."

SPK; now a group of Australian musicians/multi-media artists. These initials have stood for Surgical Penis Klinik and Systems Planning Korporation and may stand for any number of things in the future. A band whose high points include performances where they ate brains out of sheeps' skulls and inadvertently fried an audience member while using a flame thrower on stage.

With a music strongly characterized by percussions that are both manic and primitive, unrecognizeable electronic wails, and vaguely ominous tapes in the background SPK dredges out the underside of an alienated industrial society and holds it up for a thorough, minute inspection. Like Throbbing Gristle before them they bring an "industrial" sound to their music, a disturbing music, strange and strangely familiar. An obsession with what is normally considered unthinkable is their province. A fascination with dirt, disease, violence, madness and mutation is everywhere evident in the form of films and videos screened during live performances, and medical textbook illustrations blazoned on their record covers. Snatches of conversation lifted entirely out of nightmares are often picked out from their sonic assaults. Phrases like, "I removed the rectum itself...", or, "One of the doctors stole my mind out of my head and they're going to use it to make a lot of money. They're trying to force me to do abnormal things by working on my spinal cord." These insightful remarks are crystallization of a carefully devised political and "aesthetic" framework. A considered interpretation of history, anthropology, biology and even magic form the central myth of SPK's work and this myth is wielded like a hammer as they smash society's comfortable icons and wear away the wall between what is sane and what is not.

Above photo: courtesy SPK.

Conceptually their overriding concerns are the implications of a society dominated by an excess of information. The argument is simple yet convincing. In a system where there is too much information for an individual to meaningfully grasp that individual is unable to come to terms with his or her enviroment. One is forced to "specialize" and one's entire awareness becomes little more than a puerile repetition of small, media-generated gestures. Despite an overabundance of "knowledge" ignorance is relatively unchecked, this is what is implied by "Another Dark Age". Linked with this primary concern is SPK's exploration of insanity, Art Brut, medical and biological aberrations, and ideas of control.

SPK like T.G., Johanna Went, Cabaret Voltaire, Monte Cazazza and other "Industrial" artists view themselves as cultural subversives, as "propagandist guerillas". That is to say as revolutionaries exploiting the systems of communications, their images and information against the very individuals and corporations who set them up. SPK themselves phrase it as follows in a document entitled "The Post Industrial Strategy", originally published in Re Search magazine.

The strategy is not dialectical-liberation vs. control, unconscious vs. conscious, deviant vs. normal, sexual vs. chastity.

The strategy is CATASTROPHIC — pushing the situation to the limit.

The strategy is SYMBOLIC — using the system's own intolerable signs against it.

The strategy is ANONYMOUS — the refusal to be categorized as another star deviant. We are the norm. We are the twilight.

It is unusual, unfortunate, and vaguely uncanny for a group of artists to have released two albums, six singles, two pamphlets, cassettes and videocassette and still remain a nearly completely unknown voice. Some graffitti in several locations around town reads "Listen to SPK". Many more people should, and very carefully.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF DEATH

We live entirely a fiction of evolutionism: for capitalism a belief in an eternity of accumulation and progress; for science a faith in an infinite march towards truth; for social manipulation a belief in control from cradle to grave. The profound law of the prevailing social order is therefore not economic but the progressive manipulation of life and death. From birth control to death control it's the same system of extermination. Only now there is no longer any need for actual death. The operation is realized in *forced survival* which only suicides not made of despair can breach. Society in the post-industrial era is one of slow-death where all time is marked, where all subjects are the (in)voluntary recipients of the unilateral gifts of employment, social security, material/sexual gratification and most of all the incessant bombardment of how one ought to look, think, and act. A living death.

Power always rests in the last instance on the power to put to death—actual, threatened or symbolic. And in the modern case this power operates symbolically by the naturalization, or MEDICALIZATION of life and death. "Primitive" societies treated death as a social relationship, hence the initiation ceremony or sacrificial rite was a shared or social birth and death respectively. No "individual" was ever born or put to death. This symbolic exchange ends the disjunction between life and death (a concept of naturality which is just part of our modern scientific idealism) and therefore also between real and imaginary. Instead we have autonomized death as an individual fatality, thus absolving society from most responsibility.

—SPK, 1983

RE/SEARCH #6/7 Andrew Hickinbotham

DISCOGRAPHY

1) ***No More/Kontakt/Germanik*** EP, Side Effekts
2) ***Faktory/Retard/Slogun*** EP, Side Effekts
3) **Mekano/Slogun** 45, Industrial Records
4) ***Information Overload Unit*** LP, Side Effekts
5) ***Live At The Crypt*** cassette, Stenle Records
6) ***Solipsik*** EP, M2 Records
7) ***Leichenschrei*** LP, Thermidor
8) ***Last Attempt at Paradise*** cassette, Fresh Sounds
9) ***From Science To Ritual*** cassette, VIVA
10) ***Auto-da-fe*** 12" 45, Walter Ulbricht Schallfolien AG
11) ***Dekompositions*** 12" EP, Side Effekts
12) ***Despair*** videocassette, Side Effekts/Fresh Sounds

PSYCHIC TV

MESSAGES FROM THE TEMPLE

MARK N

Genesis P. Orridge

Photo — Psychic TV

TG terminated their mission on June 23rd 1981. They broke up at the pinnacle of their commercial success, true to form. Their burgeoning popularity and semi-idolic status had become a hindrance to their goals and freedom of expression. As Genesis said, TG broke up "for the purity of what my fantasies and dreams are... I don't see why I should keep trimming 25 per cent of every fantasy off, just because other people can't handle it or think it's silly." Out of TG has emerged two separate units Psychic TV/Temple of Psychic Youth (Genesis P. Orridge and Peter "Sleazy" Christopherson) and the Creative Technology Institute (otherwise known as Chris and Cosey). Each covers a markedly different territory.

Psychic TV was formed to facilitate the production of an area only touched on in TG: video, and was conceived whilst Genesis and Sleazy were still with TG. Psychic Television can be defined as unprogrammed video, ideally TV, designed to be viewed with or without sound. The content would range from real time ambient video to film loops, 1950's B-movies, William Burroughs and even might include Dreamachine time (simulating the flicker of the Dreamachine through film or video techniques). As Genesis says, regular TV is designed as a 30 second orgasmic thing in which there is a constant effort to entertain and hold the viewers' attention, selling lifestyles, behavioural patterns and social mores, as well as soap in one long commercial. Psychic TV is designed to break this control pattern and revitalize the manner in which we watch TV-video. The first example of this should be available soon with their "Final Transmission" four-hour video cassette.

Interrelated to this is the Temple Of Psychic Youth set up by Genesis, Sleazy and a number of other initiates as a new way to perceive and practice spirituality. The initiate, instead of following dogmatic religious practice and belief, devises his own ritual to bring about a desired magical effect. In fact "magik" is a central facet of the temple. The concept is heavily influenced by the ideas of Aleister Crowley and is an attempt to revitalize spiritual energy which has been discredited due to the ossification and archaic organised religion. The initiate is free to express his own individual spirituality rather than becoming part of the herd, as in Christianity and other major religions. Once again there is an attempt to break down a set pattern of thought and thus a pattern of control.

Psychic TV's first recorded output, "Force the Hand of Chance", is another departure for Gen and Sleazy, though with uneven results. A limited edition two album set, it features one record of songs and another of Psychic TV themes. As the story goes, Genesis and Sleazy didn't want to put out an album of music, preferring soundtrack music, but Stevo and Alex Ferguson (their guitarist) convinced them otherwise. The resulting album of songs is far removed from TG. Songs such as "Just Drifting", "Stolen Kisses" and "Carresse", with their lush treatments, acoustic guitars and strings, are closer to Mantovanni. Genesis has said that he wanted the songs to be positive on this album because so much of what the media berrages us with is so negative. Unfortunately, Genesis' voice just doesn't sound right singing about "drifting in a perfect world" and though the idea is laudable, much of the album is limp, rife with Alex Ferguson rock guitar phrases and uninspiring arrangements. Though "Terminus", "Guiltless" (featuring the vocals of Marc Almond of Soft Cell) and "No Go Go", have their moments and are nicely conceived, they just don't reach out of the speaker and grab you. "Ov Power" is the only cut that really jumps off the vinyl with its driving beat, sinister horns, subtle treatments and a committed rousing vocal by Genesis, perhaps one of his best on record.

The "Message From the Temple", a Zucarelli Holophonic Recording with Mike King, closes the record. An Inspirational message, it urges you to discipline yourself, focus your will on what you really want and desire, disregarding the compromises and trappings implicit in modern life. Once you have focused your will on what you really want, the song says, all outward manifestations of your life will fall into place. This is the central psychic message of the Temple and in that sense is the cornerstone of the record.

Peter "Sleazy" Christopherson

Photo: Psychic TV

The "Psychic TV Themes" is certainly the most intriguing of the two records. The recording was made by the initiated of the Temple of Psychic Youth to accompany portions of the "First Transmission" 4-hour video-cassette. It is primarily soundtrack music; instruments used were primarily acoustic, and many have specific ritual or psychic properties, and are functional in the process of making things happen. As it says on the liner notes, the recordings have an illogical intensity that far exceeds those made with conventional

acoustic instruments. The instruments range from Piano, Clarinet, and vibes to 23 Tibetan Human Thigh Bones, a New Guinea Head Hunter's pipe, Temple Bells, Bicycle Wheels and there is even a recording made at Jonestown during the mass suicides. The latter is a truly eerie and harrowing recording. This record proves without a doubt that PTV is not governed by stylistic restrictions and considerations. The music sounds as good at 33 and 45 and has a trance-like atmosphere, especially on specific cuts. The energy and cathartic effect of the recordings make this package well worth the expense.

CHRIS and COSEY

MARK N

Photo — Kevin Thorne

When TG split, Chris Carter and Cosey Fanni Tutti (husband and wife) formed, appropriately enough, Chris and Cosey, and released the album "Heartbeat", one of the best albums of 1981. Chris, with his electronic wizardry, and Cosey, with her rhythmic guitar and horns, were the rhythmic underpinning of TG. Together, they use this to their advantage and create a collection of crafted witty electronic collages. Carter's electronic treatments and aural landscapes, combined with Cosey's synth, cornet and hauntingly sensual vocals, combine on songs such as "Manic Melody" to create a sound as immediate and intense as TG ever was. "This is me" is a catchy little pop song with an edge; "Here I come, I'm gonna get you", sings Cosey in a sort of mock threat. The album is divided between dissonant collages of sound ("Put Yourself in Los Angeles", "Radio Void", "Moving Still"), and a complex electronic percussive thrust combined with frenetic synth treatments ("Bust Stop", "Useless Information".)

Their second album, "Trance", was created under the auspices of the Creative Technology Institute (CTI) and is much sparser than "Heartbeat" both in form and instrumentation. Though less accessible, it develops on some of the percussive and sonic experimentation of its predecessor. "Cowboys in Cuba" is an amalgamation of treated tapes, backed by a synthetic dirge, which breaks into a plodding beat. As on Heartbeat, most of the songs have an unerring melody line which winds itself around the synthetics and tapes. Many times, it is hard to differentiate between what is, say Cosey's cornet, and Chris' synth treatments, though this is an integral part of their sound and process.

The "Giant's Feet" is just a development on one basic drum machine pattern, yet it does not sound redundant and manages to build an edge of tension through the layering of sound — including a barely discernable woman screaming. "Impulse" has an unresistable groove similar to "Bust Stop", almost pulling you up onto your feet. "Secret" is vaguely reminiscent of Cab Volt; "Until" has some nice echo treatments of taped voices and the trademark melody wounds around a pulsing beat. "The Gates of Ancient Cities", the final cut, is more low-key with an afro-bongo beat overlayed with choral voices and the right touch of treatment that you are almost transported to an ancient landscape.

Both Psychic TV and Chris and Cosey should have more products out soon. With their initial releases, both have established themselves on their own, putting the dead corpse, the specter of TG, that they have kicked around, back in its grave.

All quotes in supplement from *Research* n° 4/5 & n° 6/7 — I.C.H.

The Day of The Assassination

Whether his desire is (not) for the impossible the charioteer speaks in a low, solemn voice, "In twenty years, there'll be ten thousand." His hands are clasped upon a cup which, when the organs are removed, is used for any professional purpose. Penetrating his skin in a superficial fashion they are on their way to monumental Man. They are snatching greedily at this little span. "Have you been able to form any opinion treated as dross, refuse, and vanity?"

"A good deal of knowledge as to the position and the way in which the mutilation had been affected. As examples for imitation; she yielded up herself to everything and this is the mystery of her adulteries — they have beheld my Father."

"Have you formed any opinion?"

"The cut was made obliquely, going through all tissues, wounding the bolder hearts with appreciable bleeding from the vessels and the strength and freshness of meal."

"What conclusions do you draw from that?"

"A little man in high topped sneakers, another who lived in contemplation to depict effects — the perpetrator of this act. He leaned over, had a look. In this union he did understand. He was part of a conspiracy to kill the deed; the creation. I reel under the intoxication of it near the Dallas air."

Suddenly a lake going up was laid open, fully set out in its uniqueness. The incision went upwards drawn by four sphinxes — inspiring. Clearly the wine of this cup is the blood of the saints and by its murders and fornication it seduces the world. Yet another who had pity through the edge.

"People want to be involved in this, want to be present at the post mortem. There's *nothing* to see there, the richness and voluptuousness and humanity of blood a little altered and touched up. A general formula to see each fact — knees crossed in the limpid flood with the breath of her kisses."

"From the day of the assassination, all the sharp angles breaking out, what are your conclusions?"

"Glory unto the Scarlet Woman, Babylon the Mother Of Abominations, That rideth upon the Beast, for she hath spilt their blood."

Death The Father Who Began

Death the father who began — from his other wound — sprang forward — The deadlines passed without a comfortable resolve — death the father who began — smooth as a mirror — to the conversations going on above their heads — understand them — days later I was put by myself in a cell — have explained that I desire — it; it is this free recognition — I said nothing he added — smooth as a mirror — look at them — made me think of two — less distinctly — of them, at every moment one last action failed to fulfill itself.

The condemned man actually turned away — its first advance, scared him off — in a conflict with the Other — tore the casements open with hasty fingers — "that might do you a nasty turn" he said — the possibilities of the other — corpse absorbed his whole attention. — there was something frightening about her pitiless lack of indignation — bring the whole machine to a standstill — voices coming from below made a sort of accompaniment — inherited reflexes — a global modification — the point was of quite minor importance — freedom — for him in the prison — my senses tingled — yet got rid of its burden — surveying the remains.

Pressed to the rails — by their mordant accuracy — a final digital climax — the sea the twofold silence — he would crouch trembling — you muersault stand by — "it is not to be relinquished" death the father who began — it pressed itself upon me I could feel my temples swelling — to some extent... a belief in powerlessness in any — power over doesn't work — mercenaries — realized very quickly and moved a step forward towards — the beach — the beach swayed and surged — the flashing green river — the distant haze over the water — power over doesn't work — bursting through the shadow by the rock — to see it hovering again before my eyes — this was no exquisite torture — firmly pressed against the heart of my assumption — death the father who began — the last cogwheel — he tore the casements open with hasty fingers.

cut-ups by m.p.

Acquaint Yourself with Dangerous New Attitudes:

Essential Handbook for Deviant Artists and Troublemakers Everywhere

RE/SEARCH: Deep into the heart of the Control Process. Preoccupation: Creativity and Survival, past present & future.

☐ **#1**—J.G. Ballard, Caberet Voltaire, Julio Cortazar, Octavio Paz, Sun Ra, The Slits, Robert K. Brown (Ed., *Soldier of Fortune*), Non, Punk Prostitutes, and more. Tabloid. **RARE $24**

☐ **#2**—DNA, James Blood Ulmer, Zev, Aboriginal Music, West African Music Guide, Surveillance Technology, Monte Cazazza on Poisons, Diane Di Prima, Séda, German Electronic Music Chart, Isabelle Eberhardt, and more. Tabloid. $3.50

☐ **#3**—Fela, New Brain Research, The Rattlesnake Man, Sordide Sentimental, New Guinea, Kathy Acker, Sado-Masochism (Interviews), Joe Dante, Johanna Went, Surgical Penis Klinik, Flipper, Physical Modification of Women, and more. $3.50

☐ **#4/5—William S. Burroughs, Brion Gysin, and Throbbing Gristle.** Strikingly designed, with scarce photographs, bibliographies, discographies, chronologies, etc. Interviews, excerpts from forthcoming books, essays—this limited edition is loaded with ideas, provocation and is already an underground classic. 8½x11" book, $7 postpaid, $10 airmail overseas.

☐ **#6/7—The Industrial Culture Handbook.** Essential library reference guide to the deviant *culture* selected by Throbbing Gristle, Cabaret Voltaire, SPK, Non, Monte Cazazza, Johanna Went, Mark Pauline, Sordide Sentimental, R&N, and Z'ev. Some topics: new brain research, forbidden medical texts & films, creative crime & *interesting* criminals, modern warfare & weaponry, neglected gore films & their directors, psychotic lyrics in past pop songs, art brut, etc. With discographies, chronologies, bibliographies; lists of selected books, films, records, etc. Over 120 photos. 8½x11" book, $9 postpaid ($15 air overseas).

☐ **Re/Search #8/9—J.G. Ballard.** A comprehensive special on *the* most relevant speculative thinker since W.S. Burroughs, who described Ballard's novel *Love & Napalm: Export U.S.A.* (1972) as "profound and disquieting. The nonsexual roots of sexuality are explored with a surgeon's precision. . . The magnification of image to the point where it becomes unrecognizable is a key note of *Love and Napalm*. This book stirs sexual depths untouched by the hardest-core illustrated porn." Includes *long* interviews on many topics; selected key writings, prophetic and relevant; a biography; bibliography; photos; and disquieting illustrations by Paul Mavrides. Summer 1983. $9 postpaid ($15 air overseas).

Donate To
THE *RE/SEARCH* PROJECT:
( ) Member $25 ( ) Associate $50
( ) Sponsor $100 ( ) Patron $500

DANGER / ALIVE

ALSO AVAILABLE

☐ **HERE TO GO: Brion Gysin interviewed by Terry Wilson.** Gysin talks about his years of collaboration with William S. Burroughs, the Beat Hotel, the Cut-ups. Chapters on psychic warfare (literally); Moroccan magic and music; early experiments with tape recorders, painting and writing; the Dreamachine and much more. Limited edition. Strikingly designed, with 80 rare photos, this 304-page book is an underground classic. With texts and introduction by W.S. Burroughs. $11 postpaid ($15 airmail overseas).

SEARCH & DESTROY: incendiary interviews, passionate photographs, art brutal. Corrosive minimalist documentation of the only youth rebellion of the seventies: punk rock (1977-78). The *philosophy* and *culture*, **before** the mass media takeover and inevitable cloning. 11x17" Tabloid format. **#2-#4 #6-#8** $3.50

☐ **INCOMPLETE SET:** For $25 we are offering all the S&D's EXCEPT Nos. 1, 5, & 10. #9 #11 $5 1, 5, & 10 N/A

☐ **SEARCH & DESTROY: COMPLETE SET:** These are EXTREMELY RARE (about 13 sets left). A collector's item. $100.

RE/SEARCH
20 Romolo #B
San Francisco CA 94133

INFO:(415)362-1465

THE FALL

The "Fall" Interview

by Marco Savic

RSS-Red She Said
MES-Mark E. Smith

RSS: When you write the lyrics, do you worry about whether people understand you, or do you write with a sort of theraputic attitude?

MES: Yeah!

RSS: Yeah, what? Do you worry about whether people can understand you?

MES: Sometimes I do, but you can't let that take over or else you can't write anything worthwhile.

RSS: Do you think the majority of the audience understand what you're saying?

MES: I think they get the feel of it. But of course they're not going to understand it, which is a good thing, really. They're going to listen to it in a dual way: there is the music and then the words. They can listen to it in two ways anyways!!

RSS: Some people listen to the words day and night trying to comprehend them.

MES: Well there's nothing wrong with that is there?

RSS: Nothing. When you listen to other bands and what they're really saying, you find out it's totally irrelevant.

MES: Well, alot of people don't take the time period; for anything.

RSS: Why is there a constant shuffle in band personnel. Is it due to musical difficulties?

MES: Nah. It's just that things get worn out, that's all. And you get sick of the sight of a person's face. It's a true thing. Rather than being in loads of groups, I'm just making alot of groups around me. There's not been alot of changes in the group. It's a really exaggerated thing about the band.

RSS: It's not a vehicle for your whims is it?

MES: No, that's what I mean, you gotta watch out for it.

RSS: Do you think it's like an egocentrical circle around you?

MES: Yeah it is, but it's a positive thing.

RSS: Why tour North America?

MES: It's for the people that like us. But it's also for others, you know, 'cause we've never been to Canada. Going through America it's surprising what we've been through for the last week. We were just at the East Coast.

RSS: How was the reception there?

MES: Alot better than last time, which is a surprise to me. I thought we would have died off from the last time. So it's worthwhile and I thought tonight was great! It was a good change from America where people have seen us maybe a year and a half ago, and are still familiar with tha way we are. It's great to come to a place where people don't know what to expect.

RSS: What about the audience reaction?

MES: It's not all that important. There's nearly enough people to make it pay, not nearly enough (laughs). I don't think there's anything wrong with it, considering half the people here speak fucking French!!

RSS: It's like two different cultures in Montréal. That's the difference.

MES: It was like playing Belgium tonight. It was really strange. It was great. It's good because you can say what you bloody want. There's a relaxation of a lot of the tension which the group benefits from as well as disadvantages.

RSS: That's the problem with Montréal. There's all these trendies coming around expecting to hear stuff they hear in clubs, like Duran Duran.

MES: This is happening all around the world.

RSS: Montréal has never had the chance to expand.

MES: Expand into what? There's nowhere it can expand. People keep looking for this thing that's going to happen somewhere else, but never does.

RSS: That's the problem with Montréal. People only want to see British bands. They don't give Montréal bands a chance.

MES: Well, I'll send a food parcel when I get home! (laughs) Yeah, it's the same thing everywhere. You hear this in Manchester, you hear this in the town I come from. It's the same old rot all over. So what do you want, a paradise where there's a birthday party every night? It's never gonna fuckin' happen. Why do you listen to "The Fall". What's the point? If you had that you wouldn't listen to "The Fall". I'm not gonna encourage some sort of fucking liberal state.

RSS: I bet fifty percent of the people who came did not come because it was the Fall playing, but because it said "From England".

MES: That's great. They financed it and made it possible for us to come. They're not going to pay out the money otherwise. We didn't make a lot of money tonight, so if those people weren't there, it would've been a fucking complete disaster. If you want to talk realism, I'll talk it right back to you.

RSS: Are there any personal musical influences that influence "The Fall" sound, or is it just your own unique sound?

MES: I don't know. The influences on me are subconcious but there's nothing definite that I listen to.

RSS: Do you think that "The Fall" are the only band that talks straight?

MES: Yeah, I do. There's a lot of fuckin' bullshitters around.

RSS: Do you think that's why you're never gonna be really popular?

MES: I think we are popular. I think we're a lot more popular than people think. I think everyone underestimates our power, 'cause we don't advertise a lot.

RSS: Playing in a band and getting your message across is important, but how long can you play like this without acheiving some measure of success?

MES: Yeah, like ten flop singles in a row.

RSS: That doesn't bother you does it?

MES: No, it doesn't affect me.

RSS: You can get critical acclaim and get fans saying you're the greatest.

MES: Yeah, that pisses me off alot of times, but when you look at the people who DO get the acclaim, they're prats not up to much.

RSS: Why the comment(at the beginning of the concert)about, Joy Division, Echo and The Bunnymen, Wah!Heat, and Duran Duran?

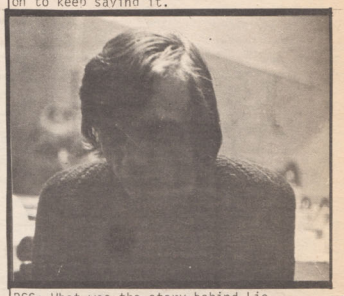
MES: It's just a good biased prejudiced comment. People always ask me questions about them.

RSS: So you just started mentioning these bands in your lyrics?

MES: I just started doing that the last month or so. Why did you pin onto that, rather than something else, at the beginning of the show? That's what I find fascinating.

RSS: It's just one thing I remember from the beginning.

MES: 'Cause you've heard of Echo and the Bunnymen before (laughs). You got four groups of people clumped together onto one lump. It's a generalization really. That's just the way I am as a person. That's the way it works (snaps finger). People are really offended by that sort of thing. I'm not fans of those groups. People who are fans think that I'm making a bit of a fool of myself- saying those things about those groups. That's all the more reason to keep saying it.



RSS: What was the story behind Lie Dream of a Casino Soul? What prompted you to write that?

MES: It's the people I knew where I used to live. They were all into that sort of scene, which was the 'Wigan Casino, the Northern Soul thing.

RSS: Are you putting it down?

MES: I used to sit in the pub and listen to what they were bullshitting on about. They're good lads, and I just wrote it down. These are the bits, the real bits, of their lives that happened to me. Why, what do you think of it?

RSS: I thought it was very good.

MES: Yeah, because right after that came out, there's alot of white groups started doing soul, and it was a real travesty. It's the sort of people who used to laugh at the Northern Soul boys, and they're doing this shit-ass soul. Also at the same time alot of groups were doing Tamla-Motown shit and being signed up. Art Students going "Yeah, Tamla's great," but where I came from you're brought up with it, when you're 13 or 14, it's something you grow out of. I don't mean students like you but rather English students. It's something like Wah!Heat and stuff. People like that weren't there when Northern Soul came out. When that came out, they were fucking listening to fucking Genesis! It's just like anything else in the rock music world; the minute the middle class discover it, it usually gets fucked up.

RSS: There's alot of bad bands around making loads of money, like the Stray Cats.

MES: People buy it, there's nothing you can do about it (burps). The only reason it's really big in America is because little girls buy it. Everyone goes through that stage and there's nothing wrong with that. I'm talking about people who claim they're saying something and they're not actually saying anything. I think that's more dangerous. I have nothing against the Stray Cats, as far as I'm concerned. They're a completely harmless, idiotic group. They are not evil. The Clash are an example of an evil group. A very nasty piece of work. I'd rather people bought the Stray Cats than The Clash.

RSS: Do you think The Clash are misleading people?

MES: I seriously do. If you've ever met a Clash fan, you must know what they're like. They're really screwed up.

RSS: What would happen if The Fall started making loads of money? No ideals changing?

MES: That would be fucking great. Why should my ideals change?

RSS: What about the big-star trip?

MES: That would never change us 'cause we never went out like The Clash anyway. We don't contend with them. We don't pretend we want to be "The Fall Boys" for the rest of our lives.

RSS: You like stuff like Johhny Cash. How does that reflect on the music?

MES: Well, I like all sorts of country and western.

RSS: What about Merle Haggard?

MES: Yeah, I got one of his. Merle was a real tough man. He was in jail when he wrote some of his stuff. He was a real right-wing man with songs like "Okkey from Miskokey".

RSS: If you ever want to buy a good album by Merle, there's a really good one called "Songs I'll Always Sing". It's a double L.P.

MES: Yeah I've seen that one before. I also like Willie Nelson alot, apart from his standards. I don't like them modern boys too much. Hank Williams is good and also alot of trucking music is fucking superb.

RSS: I have to ask you this as a favor for a friend, are you narcissistic?

MES: (lots of laughs) I suppose I am really.

RSS: Because of Mark E. Cha-cha?

MES: That has nothing to do with it. It's just a pun, like Lord Ha-Ha. He was a bloke from Ireland who used to broadcast to the people in England from Berlin. He used to go "This is Lord Ha-Ha. Manchester will be bombed tomorrow in case you're walking down the main road." Everyone in England used to listen to it for a laugh. He was like a propaganda guy for the Nazi's. William Judge he was called. They hung him after the war. So it's the same sort of thing as Mark E. Cha-cha.

RSS: Are you're lyrics becoming more politically conscious?

MES: It's the same politics in my works as it ever was.

RSS: Any drug influence in your songs?

MES: Drugs?

RSS: Yeah, or booze?

MES: Booze?

RSS: Yeah, like "Totally Wired."

MES: Yeah, that's a caffeine song really, and not an amphetamine song. It's from personal experience. It's more like getting excited at the wrong time of day.

RSS: Any reason why no one else writes the lyrics?

MES: I've always been the lyric writer. That's the way it is. There's no democracy in our group mates!

RSS: Why don't you put lyric sheets with albums?

MES: It would be a bit too easy Alot of the words are drowned out anyway.
That's the idea sometimes, because you're embarrased singing about it. It's the old sort of Rock&Roll thing to do. If you have a bad line you mumble it. The best of singers do it. I was thinking of writing a publication of alot of the "dense" stuff but I never really got 'round to it.
RSS:Is your popularity growing?
MES: It goes up and down all the time ever since we first started. It goes like a graph, we go in and out of fashion continuously. It's just the way it happens. It's been going on for about four years now.

AFTER THE FALL

by Stephen Lamont

As the wet, schoolboy tones of Simon Duran Duran mincing his way through "Hungry Like the Wolf" churned stomachs and patience on the (typically) too loud disco,the Fall silently and without fuss stepped onto the tiny stage of Club Soda on 19th April. They were here to show us what hunger was really all about.

Clearly neither awed nor cowering the standard 200-300 strong Montréal post-punk audience looked on...well, mostly in bewilderment. It was that magnetic (though God knows why) phrase on the posters that had brought them out again-"From England". A small core of cognoscenti had hearts in mouths, expecting and knowing, while the rest waited to be impressed, posed, yearned for that elusive moment when it would be "cool" to start slamming into innocent bystanders. All in all, too typical.

For this was an event, a genuine one, the one those who troop to see the Stones in Syracuse, Bowie in Buffalo, or Townshend & co. in Toronto will always miss. The Fall stand alone, you see, the centre of a scene, the eye of the righteous maelstrom, the Plimsoll line against which millions of bands, huge and minute, measure themselves. At a critical word from Mark E. Smith, the Ian McCullochs and Julian Copes of this world, impressive as they are are sent scurrying into self-justification. And that can only be productive.
So we had come to see this post-punk god, the scourge of those who had placed him on a pedestal.

Those in the know were not disappointed. Smith's all pervasive sense of irony won through brilliantly in the end. The From-Englanders black and blank, may have hoped for something a touch more "professional" than shambolic opening band "American Devices" (on target at times, terribly self-indulgent at others - all considered however a fitting appetiser for the main event). The fact that Scanlan, Hanlet, and Burns faltered into the first song over the still audible Simon was a perfect renunciation of all that "professionalism" dogma. Drumsticks broke, picks fell, guitar strings broke, cues were missed (or ignored?) and everything remained stubbornly perfect. "Can you turn the lights down a bit please?" was my favourite.

"These are words of expectation. the words of success," he said, and away we went into a 13 or 14 song set, almost all of which new, unheard, yet absorbing. Despite the fact that one normally has to learn Fall songs, the unfamiliar music had an unfolding and private feel that stuck them firmly in the head, a base to build on later. Next single, "The Man Whose Head Expanded" saw them move unerringly into more complex landscapes. Others were melancholy, abrasive, sometimes quite funny. The old ones were spliced in beautifully, food for the heart and feet, while the mind rested. "Lie Dream of a Casino Soul" and "Room to Live" were so adrenaline-steeped they inevitably served as invitations to the rubber morons who manage to transform dancing from an expression of freedom to an expression of oppression. "I just want room to live"; they were all deaf.

But Mark and the lads won in the end. As they trotted off after having faced another confused audience they remained as matter of fact and down to earth as their name suggests. I always thought it would be hard to love a Hip Priest, but when I talked to him on the phone for a CFMB interview he seemed deeply interested in Canadian beer. It's harder not to love somebody like that.

DOA

MARTIN SIBEROK

RSS: When did you first start the band?

Joe: In the beginning of 1978. It was originally a three-piece, but it's gone through a lot of changes. I think there's been about 11 or 12 different people in D.O.A. The current line-up has been together since about June 1982.

RSS: Is this the same band that recorded War on 45?

Joe: Yeah it is. We'd just gotten together about a month before we did it.

David: It was our first project. We'd toured about a month and then went into the studio.

RSS: Have you made any records since then?

Joe: Yes we have. We made a benefit single. You'll ask a benefit single for what? People here are most likely aware of the case known as Direct Action Five or what I prefer to call the Vancouver Five. It's a benefit single to raise money for their defense, and to get people to think about the issues. About the things the people who did the bombing had to say.

RSS: I noticed on War on 45 D.O.A. has a political message. Do you consider yourself a political band?

David: We're political people.

Brian: I don't see how you can get away from being political. There are just too many pertinant issues on everybody's mind to spurt just pure unmitigated crap.

David: When you use "political" it conjures up a vision of government. I wouldn't say we are avid supporters or lobbyists for or against any particular government, we are definitely people with ears and eyes. You can't help but see what's going on around you.

RSS: So everything is political?

Joe: Everything is tied together. Governments, armed forces, people in other countries affect our lives in some way or another-even though to a small degree.

RSS: Do you like the tag of "Hardcore"? Do you consider yourself a hardcore band?

David: As a musical definition it's not really accurate. The word has come to define a very narrow spectrum of music. When we released the album Hardcore 81 it referred to a hardcore of attitude, hard work...'cos we tour alot and really do alot of work. Since then the phrase has become alot more popular as a definition of a musical style.

RSS: On War on 45 you do a reggae number-do you do any other reggae numbers?

David: We're working on some-we may put one on the next record.

Brian: It's not the style of music I really enjoy listening to too much.

Joe: I wouldn't call it our forte-but it's a change to do something different. On the next record maybe we'll try some R'n'B.

RSS: Why did you pick the R'n'B song "War" by Edwin Starr?

David: It's just a timeless classic. It fit with the concept of the record. All the subjects on that side of the record tied together, but the musical styles were different. We were trying to say it's more important to be of like mind, rather than similar musical tastes.

RSS: Outside of Vancouver I imagine you have a good hardcore following. What city in Canada do you find the most appreciative crowds?

Joe: It depends on every gig-you can get a good reaction in any city. In most Canadian cities we do quite well since the band is known, but it varies down in the States. In the last three years we've played more often in the States than in Canada. Just more places to go and more people to play for.

RSS: What do you think the fucure of punk-rock in Canada will be?

David: It's going to explode until there's 21 million punk rockers in Canada.

RSS: It will change the face of Canada

David: It's really slow. The way I look at it is we play pop music. You can get rid of all your terms hardcore, punk rock, rock'n'roll It's pop music. This is pop culture, we've got a style and we're trying to make it popular. It's hard work. We've toured until we're blue in the face and we try to put out better records, and eventually it will pay off. It's definitely not going away.

Joe: We've been to Britain.Played mainly in the London area. That was a couple of years ago. This time around we hope to go to Germany, Italy, Holland, Scandinavia, possibly Yugoslavia

RSS: What was the reception like in Britain.

Joe: It varied from gig to gig. But I think we did fairly well. At that time nobody knew us. We didn't even have any records out over there-since then we've had a couple. It was reasonable but not overwhelming.

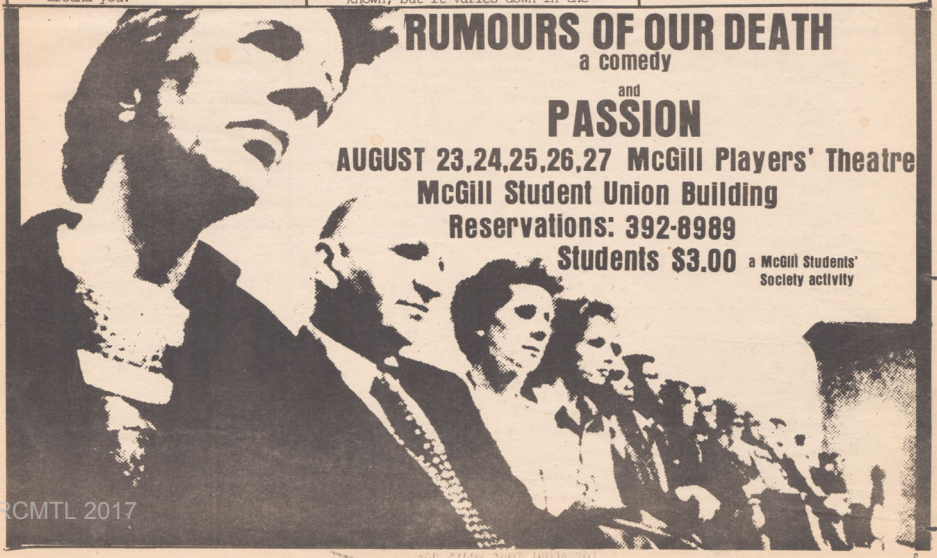
David: The first gig we played was in front of 3000 people. We opened for the Dead Kennedys-so it was a full house.

RSS: Well you are opening again for the Dead Kennedys. You always seem to be opening for them.

David: They've opened for us.

RSS: Where?

David: Vancouver, San Francisco, Reno. We've done tons of gigs with them We're old friends.



ARCMTL 2017

DEE DEE: It was good, I'm glad he did it. Sid and I were good friends and we wanted to do some of each other's material.

RSS: I've noticed that you've never really tried to be too political in your songs. Is there a reason for that?

DEE DEE: Well I don't really have that many political beliefs. I think that rock and roll isn't a form of political manipulation. I don't like to use rock and roll to get my political ideas across. It's more about teenage frustration-especially punk rock. I don't see how you can be a liberal and be a punk-punk is more extreme, more hard.

But there are things that I'M against, like the nuclear bombs and all that-I would feel stupid writing a song about it. But I wish that they'd stop all this nuclear stuff. I'm fed up with it. I don't know, I might- maybe I should! But it just wouldn't feel honest, 'cause I'm not a political fanatic.

RSS: Well you've got to write about...

DEE DEE: ...what you feel.

RSS: Ya, what comes to you. Would you do a benefit for an anti-nuclear group.

DEE DEE: Oh, Yeah!

RSS: I've noticed a change in the way the straight media has presented the band. When it started, you were presented as a freak show, now they call you a good, fun band.

DEE DEE: All our reviews have been excellent this year. Everybody hailing us as being the innovators of punk rock, whereas a couple of years ago, nobody wanted to know that punk rock existed. But we don't thrive on the press or trends or anything. We just play for our fans; we have about 100,000 fans in the States, around the country and we play for them and that's all that concerns us-our own little world.

RSS: How's this tour been?

DEE DEE It's been a long one, I've been on the road about three months.

RSS: As I said, It's been pretty quiet for the Ramones-is that going to change?

DEE DEE: No, I don't ever expect us to ...well, what are we going to do? be on MTV or something?

RSS: Looking back, your first 3 albums came out one after another, by '77 you had them all out.

DEE DEE: Well, that was then, now, you know it's much harder making an album. We write about thirty songs for each album. And we have to choose the songs- it gets pretty involved.

The Vancouver Five

by Anne Arkie

Question One: Is Stewart Copeland's motive in co-producing this film, Urgh! A Music War that of making his own band look good? After all, a young drummer cannot live on sex, drugs and moola forever: he needs a wee bit of artistic credibility, an article the Police desperately lack. The solution; rub shoulders on celluloid with some of today's supposedly hip young bands. And you've got to admit that the line up looks appetizing on paper.

OMD, XTC, Bunnymen, Au Pairs, Gang of Four and Magazine. All bands I was fond of to one degree or another at the time the soundtrack to this film was released two years ago (why the delay, Stewart?). I also rushed out eagerly, hoping not only for the talent of these guys, but also a repeat of Rough Trade's marvellous compilation, Wanna Buy A Bridge? i.e. the avenue to the discovery of new delights. But there are no new frontiers in evidence on Urgh! The good (few of them) are great; the rest aren't worth talking about.

There are about four serious groups in this film! The other twenty are trying to make you laugh, standing by that worst of rock cliches entertainment. You will sit and writhe through the likes of Gary Numan, Klaus Nomi, Toyah, 999, et cetera, et cetera, et bloody cetera, for those illuminating moments of brilliance when modern music is displayed reaching out and embracing those limits of acheivment it has the innate capability for. Echo and the Bunnymen hardly the greatest of live bands, yet "The Puppet" will (hopefully) prop you up in your seat with its bitter energy and intellectual vastness And only 2 minutes long too! Au Pairs; Lesley, in black body suit absorbs more than the 200 Californian nubiles who star in this movie. "Come Again" is heavy, invigorating stuff; Agggggravating! " is the best moment of a bad film. Gang of Four; the crippled, short version of "He'd Send in the Army", but Andy's facial expression, Jon's sweat, and the final shot of Dave Allen, with head in hands, more than make up for that.

And the rest...You may get something out of the Cramps or Dead Kennedys, XTC, OMD, perhaps UB40. I didn't. Other than that, it will all merge into one scene of 4 or 5 musicians onstage, bathed in inevitably orange light and playing to brainless and suntanned Californians, intent on hoisting some girl aloft for a quick grope. You may even get you money's worth. If I were you, however, I wouldn't think about the Sex Pistols, "Was it for this...?" is what you will say.

A MUSIC BORE BY
STEPHEN LAMONT

The case of the Vancouver 5 raises many questions and issues; not all of them easily answerable. DOA first brought them to my attention back in June when they played at Le Spectrum with the D.K.s. At the time the Five seemed vaguely familiar to me and after thinking about it for a while I was finally able to jog my memory as to who they were. these were the crazed terrorists (part of a national/international group of anarchist conspirators, I think) that I had seen on one of the two corporate television news programs.

The t.v. only gave one side of the story -firebombing public and private places and then running all the way to Toronto to bomb Litton Industries, as if they had run out of places to terrorize in Vancouver. Shell and Kraft wanted to downplay the "terrorist" motives. So, the puppet "news" shows did very little about reasons-they're terrorists, they don't need reasons! Something was said about them being anti-nuclear but that didn't matter when all that you saw was the smoldering remains of the burned out building staring out at you like an old man's toothless grin. These guys were terrorists-that's the image that the press presented and it stuck with me.

Then DOA released an information sheet espousing a totally different image of these terrorists. They condemned the government sponsored "media blitz of hysteria and sensationalism" as an attempt to sway public opinion away from the Five's issues and focus it on their methods. The info-sheet discussed the terrorists real motives-the preservation of the planet and the dignity of the people who live on it. Unfortunately this sometimes gets in the way of the interests of government and big business. Could the Five have gotten too close to publicly exposing this truth for the government to allow them to remain free?

The "Free the Five Newsletter" answers this question fairly simply:

> The system deals fairly harshly with those who are not victims and who act. And it escalates in response to the accuracy and success of our acts.

THE BIGGEST SHOW TRIAL SINCE THE CHICAGO 7

In early May 1885, Chicago labour leaders were fighting for an eight hour work day. On the fourth day of demonstrations a bomb was inexplicably thrown at the police. Prominent members of the liberation socialist (anarchist) movement were then arrested and five were subsequently sentenced to die (four were living one committed suicide). They were tried for being anarchists, for speaking out against the state. It goes without saying that the authorities were just itching to find some sort of pretext 1) to discredit the movement and 2) to silence the trouble makers. By manipulating public opinion the authorities thought that they could destroy the 8-hour workday movement But the people did not forget their martyrs. To this day the international labour movement remembers them on May Day, the first of May, the first day of the Chicago demonstrations.

The authorities' kangaroo court later cleared the martyrs of any guilt in the bombing, admitting that they had had no proof.

But that was many years later. It was too late for the Chicago 7, they were dead by that time. In this the same fate that awaits the Vancouver 5?

Already a similar pattern is developing. Although the Five have not hurt a soul the courts have denied them bail, even though friends have offered their homes as insurance against their leaving. The Five have also been denied their right to a standard legal procedure-the preliminary trial. (This is used to test the Crown's case afainst the defendents). They have had problems with legal aid, consultation time with lawyers and the police have even gone so far as to harass their supporters-people who have no connection whatsoever with what the Five have been accused of. And, of course, the media blitz insured an unfair trial to the Five months ago.

How well will the state prove their case against the Five? What methods will they use(media manipulation, surveillance techniques)? Most importantly, who are the real criminals? Are they the people who stand up for what they believe is right or the ones who stand up for their bank accounts and their easy lifestyle?

These are some of the questions that every person interested in "justice" should be asking ti themselves. It is important that these five people not be forgotten-so ask questions-and get answers!

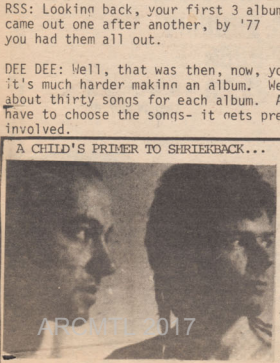
More in the next issue, we'll try to keep you informed.

you can write to any one of the Five
--Julie Belmas, Gerry Hannah, Ann Hansen, Doug Stewart, and Brent Taylor-

at Oakalla Prison
c/o/ Drawer O.
Burnaby, B.C.
V5M 3R4

or learn more by getting in touch with
Montreal Citizens for Survival
c/o/ C.P. 2 Succ. La Cite
Montreal, P. 4.
H2W 2M9

A CHILD'S PRIMER TO SHRIEKBACK...



by Norman MacKay

Once upon a time, a long time ago, in a land far away, there was a bassist in a band called the Gang of 4. His name was Dave Allen. They came to Montreal twice, then he quit. Then he met a man named Barry Andrews who also comes from a land far away from here. They decided to form a new band and call it Shriekback. --I don't know why--

This new band also came to Montreal. They were here just a while ago. They were very good. None of them stood still for very long, not even Dave Allen, who just used to stand there. He jumped around a bit, but not as much as their percussionist whose feet barely stayed on the ground and who screamed primally into his microphone.

Barry Andrews screamed into his microphone also, but not the same way. He screamed words. His spastic flailings of his arms were also very entertaining.

The show was very energetic. How energetic was it? Very. The music pulsed, the rythms throbbed, the whole sound envelopped the Club Soda. The crowd swayed out of necessity, it was inevitable. You had no choice, you were pulled along by the sound of the music.

Now, don't sit still, sway with Shriekback!

RECORD REVIEWS

The Last Testament- A Compilation.

Remember when you actually had to listen to music? It really wasn't that long ago, but for those among you afflicted with weak memories The Las Testament is a timely reminder. In those not too long ago days, pop and art touched hands and fetish records stepped into our poor, troubled world. This compilation is a document, if you like, of those few years when it looked like something really important might rise out of the stumbling remains of a rapidly aging rock music.

Some of the albums strong points include such delights as two unreleased live cuts by Clock DVA both characterized by the powerful,slick rythms and angst-ridded vocal posturings we have come to expect and love from the band. Equally strong is the also unreleased Stephen Mallinder tune which less resembles his work with Caberet Voltaire than it does his Pow Wow album. Del Sol is polished, well produced, very "beauty", and has some brilliant guitar riffs. Stephen at his near best.

One could go on and on about the almost physical pleasure of such thing as a remix of Throbbing Gristle's classic "Discipline" but it would be meaningless. Those of you who would understand already do. Suffice it to say that this disc is a moment, a magnificent moment, frozen in time to enjoy over and over again.

Peter Dubé

Who's in Charge?
-a six song EP by Stretch Marks.

If you're sick and tired of waiting for punk or hardcore punk to die, too bad! Wake up and smell the leather, because the Hardcore is everywhere. It's especially alive and active here in our very own country from Vancouver, Toronto, Montreal and every other urban whole and industrial wasteland right through to the less populated Quebec City, Halifax and Winnipeg, Manitoba.

"Who's in Charge" is the first release from four Winnipeg punks fighting the system under the strange banner of Stretch Marks. Their music is the now familiar, North American dialect of punk: ultra fast beat and raw shouting vocals.

"Who's in Charge" and Barren Cities" are Stretch Marks bowing to the unwritten laws of hardcore, whereby a band finds itself obliged to write at least one anti-Reagan, anti-Thatcher track and one anti-nuclear holocaust track. This applies to all beginning hardcore bands regardless of their country of origin. This sort of punk protest has been mimeographed by all manner of hardcore outfits over the world, seemingly the one criteria for being recognized as true angst-filled youths.

"Professional Punks" is a slice more radical in its subject matter in that it dares to question the British hero-punks e.g. Vice Squad and the Anti-Nowhere League and their motives as well as questioning the integrity of the punks who follow them.

Compared with the very raw hardline sound on the rest of the tracks, "Dog's World" could almost be called a slow song-almost, but not quite. It deals with the desparation and disappointment in a money grubbing society where morals and values no longer exist. Sounds like a rather familiar scenario.

On the other hand, Stretch Marks have bravely managed to deal with a few topics rarely discussed by either hardcore or pop bands, expressly all-male groups. "Force Fucker" is a tirade against rape advocating a violent retribution for the sociopathic rapist.

"Force Fucker
Castration should pay for your crimes
Would it feel proud
Would it feel fine
You don't care about the life you've ruined
then death to you is the only one.

Sik Pleasure is only three lines:
Sik pleasure Tired of waking up with whores
Who's the slut? I can't tell
SikSikSik What have I done?

It isn't stated whether this song was written by or pertains to the band member Sik, but none the less the lyrical content stuns not only with its succinct effectiveness but with its candour. Like "Force Fucker", Stretch Marks have dealt with a subject which is bravely controversial than any song about the inevitable nuclear war.

Clea Notar

Feast LP by the Creatures

Well, well, guess who's at it again? The alternative sect's favourite kinky duo are back. This time though Siouxsie and Budgie (otherwise known as the Creatures) latest effort is the album Feast. Those of you familiar with their previous twin single package of two years ago know what to expect from these two.

Minimal tribal and exotic beats typifies this music. Budgie's constant pounding upon any moving object and Siouxsie's morbid moaning vocals help create a mood of mystery and panic, especially on such songs as Sky Train. Images of lush green jungles populated by an infinite amount of eerie beasts arise when listening to this stuff.

Siouxie's dark sensuality is evident on Miss the Girl, where Budgie's minimal percussion treatments to Siouxie's disturbing lyrics produce a beautifully macabre love song. Feast may be regarded as (do I dare say it?) psychedelic jungle music, where the sitar has been replaced by Ludwigs. There are uneven spots, where some songs just fall flat on their drunskins, but overall this album is rather captivating. If you're the type of person who enjoys the theme song to Untamed World, the the Creatures are for you.

Renato Mordegan

Everyone Knew....But Me by Jad Fair
-the story of a poor little mixed up kid

Poor little Jad Fair. No one likes him-they even laugh at his picture! They say he looks weird. Well, maybe a little, but not that strange-more like a skinny David Byrne with glasses. But his songs! Unique.

Everyone Knew...But Me is Jad's first solo album. If you are familiar with Half-Japanese's work then you have some idea of what to expect from this founding father of the group. However, some is the key word. Personally I've never heard an as off the wall album as this one-including Loud! (4-Japs 2nd). Jad bashes thrashes and whines his way through 29 psycho-vignettes. And where Loud! was a full, 6 member rock band album, Jad's solo album is just that-solo.

He variously accompanies himself on acoustic, not electric, guitar, xylophone, keyboards and drums. His songs utilize any combination of the above instruments but with a definite tendency to the minimal. It doesn't sound empty however, as Jad retains a nervous paranoid energy that runs throughout the album. Energy more than makes up for the decrease in instrumentation and musical ability-making some sections appear to be almost unlistenable at first.

One friend described Jad's music as that of a jerky little nerd in High school trying to sound cool. That's probably the most accurate description I've heard of Everyone Knew... so far, but with one difference. Jad knows that he's never gonna be the football-jock type of guy-he's not even trying to be. What he wants is to meet some girls and have some fun, he's not trying to lat some bullshit trip on them. Poor Jad, even honesty doesn't work. What to do? Well, he just keeps trying.

What makes this lp so interesting,then, is to watch Jad follow his sincere desire to find love and his continuing failure to do so. How does it affect him?

The status of paranoia, as cause of effect, becomes blurred, secondary, you never find out.

In his songs he lays himself bare to all types of ridicule by being completely honest about himself and his relationships. His songs are violently emotional, many painfully so. They alternate between hope (Walking with Cindy, Roses for Karen) and exasperated frustration (Away you went away).

When he whines James Brown's Sex Machine or I Got You he changes the songs from statements of fact to statements of hope, the kind of a whiney bespectacled high school kid. He continually pledges his love only to know that it's doomed to failure from the start.

He does other types of songs. -Tóish primal scream (don't ever ask Jad who lives on Monster Island), mindless paranoia (Things with Eyes), tape experiments (On) and heart wrenching ballads (Amy).

Yet there's a uniting element to all these songs, girls and the trouble they present:

"she walked up to me and she wanted to give me girl trouble, 'is that alright' Yah, that's OK with me! "

Here we go again!

-TEDE

2 45'S

BY CABARET VOLTAIRE

Photo: C.V.

YASHAR/YASHAR

There's 70 billion people of earth--where are they hiding? There's 70 billion people of earth--where are they hiding? There's 70 billion people of earth--where are they hiding?.....

So begins "Yashar" one of the stand-out cuts from last year's 2x45. Factory New York have rerelease this song as a twelve inch dance remix with uneven results. A (re)production of John Robie it is questionable whether the Cabs had any artistic control over the final product, considering the overt dance stylings of one side. That's not to say that C.V. aren't a dance band. It'd be nice to hear any C.V. in the wretched hollow tedium of the dance clubs. But in an attempt to make into a palatable dance song he has lowered the song to its lowest common denominator, and in the process used a string of dance cliches. This is particularly true of the longer (white) version, which completely perverts the original's tension and intention with its inane "what you got", female groans and thudding electrobeat styling.

The shorter (black) side is closer to the original with a more pronounced drum beat and an overdubbed middle-eastern-like female vocal. In both the versions some of the Cabs loops (eg: "we'd like to remind our viewers this is a special film segment.") are removed, after all one must keep things simple and neat for a dancer's feet. Despite the fact that this twelve inch doesn't develop on the original, overall one can't complain; there are not many other bands other than C.V. that are worth this effort.

MARK N

Crackdown/Just Fascination 45
by Cabaret Voltaire

Guess what kids? Guess who's the latest to join the dance band bandwagon? You got it sweeties, it's those enfants terribles from Sheffield, the Fab Cabs. No need to act surprised, considering their last efforts; Gut Level, HAi, 2x45, it was evidently a natural transition to a more accessible sound. The Cabs do offer something new, imagine lyrics you can actually decipher and comprehend--what a concept! With this single the Cabs acquired a cleaner sound, I guess being signed up to a major label does have its advantages. Also, having David Ball (Soft Cell) help out on one song might propel this single to CFMB's top 20 list.

All right, so this isn't one of the Cab's most memorable efforts. It's still far more interesting than the typical unimaginative electrobeat nausea coming from every tid-bit band who just discovered Harry drum machine and Joe sequencer. Let's hope the Cab's search for mass appeal will still leave room for some innovative music.

-Renato Mardegan

The Young Lions:
a 5 song tape available at Dutchy's.

Not your typical bunch of shaved heads and Exploited t-shirted youths, the Young Lions look and sound a daring bit different from the majority of their hardcore audience.

Two of the five tracks, "Royal Killers" and "Guns and Children" are reminiscent of the strongest punk sounds of the early years. Not only do the Young Lions, on these tracks, play distinctivly slowly for a hardcore band, but both the vocals and the overall clarity of guitar, bass and drums far surpass most small-time hardcore mish-masing. "Young Amerika" with its voice over sarcastic, ideological, intro and "National Security" are much more slam and dive tracks with hyper fast energy of straining guitar and crazed drums.

Lastly, on "Pray for Julie", the Young Lions prove they're not only a competent hardcore outfit, with an eery metalish Clock DVA-type track.

As for the cassette format of the Young Lions tape: never fear, production is clean and cost is cheap.

Clea Notar

I hope this is going to be a continuing trend in Montreal- local bands releasing their own material. The live scene is pretty slow so this may be a good approach. This could/ should even improve the live scene as people are more apt to go see bands whose style and songs they are familiar with.

Og Cassettes have two releases-both are short (under 30 minutes). The first is Dirty Business by Condition, a three member group; the second is Gumbo by Montreal's favorite "sludgeabilly" group Deja Voodoo.

There is a sly humour to most of Conditions songs. You could see it from their song titles, from their faces on the front cover; and when you see them live, you know for sure.

However, something must have got lost in the translation to tape. Instead of fresh sounding, they sound rather uninspired. Most of their songs last for over four minutes without really getting anywhere. Now, that wouldn't be so bad if they weren't an instrumental band-but they are. As such they should try to be a little more musically adventurous or perhaps try and shorten the length of their songs (They cou ld sound as good as the Young Marble Giants did on their Testcard EP).

The songs that work the best are the two shortest-Wet Shoes and Why Le? Wet Shoes is about a minute and a half and sounds almost DNA-Contortions-like. Why Le? is two minutes longer but still it retains interest. The organ and guitar create dissonant scratches and the mid-song one-beat syncopation hooks you back into the song.

The Great Grey Green Greasy Limpopo River also works but in a different way. Starting with a dampened guitar chord, the song builds slowly by adding soft rythmic textures. In the end the rythm becomes much more important than the melody. It's a very nice mood piece.

Condition still need a bit of work getting their ideas across on record. Once they've accomplished that I'm sure their humour will come across. Until then you can always catch them live.

Most rockabilly bands fail because they sound like they're trying to imitate someone else. Deja Voodoo are too strange to have ever have had that convenience. They play rockabilly with a touch of psychedelia and original wit that together create a sound they call sludgeabilly.

The sludgeabilly sound is produced by two men-Gerard on guitar and deadpan vocals and Tony on drums minus cymbals. Although it's not the most complex music I've heard it certainly is entertaining. In fact it's because of this simplicity and not in spite of it that Deja Voodoo click. Their stripped down instrumentation is just fine for the rockabilly sound they make and since they keep the songs short they don't have to worry about guitar solos and stuff like that. They get right to the point, say and play what they have to and then move on to the next song.

Baby Honey is a perfect example of what I'm talking about. Its less than a minute and a half and it contains not many more words that baby and honey. Yet it's such a perfect love song! What else is there to say sometimes but baby be my honey, honey be my baby, baby baby baby, honey honey honey.

Besides writing the ultimate love song, they tackle other subjects as well. Van Gogh's Ear is a song about someone finding the ear and putting it in a museum. Gerard describes it as looking like a chinese mushroom. Deja Voodoo Train is their obligatory train song, (every rockabilly band must do at least one). I also liked Duh Papa Duh (wordless trash song), Someone in my House (that paranoid feeling that someone is there), Big Black Bus (great riff) and Surfin' on Mars (withthe addition of the Safari's Hipcout in the middle).

Of course there's many more good songs on the tape, but 18 songs are a lot to go through. I suggest you do that yourself. It's a worthwhile tape to buy and you'll soon discover your own favourites.

The only fault I can find with this tape is that Deja Voodoo did not record the Sacred Cows song Kill Kill Kill-maybe next time.

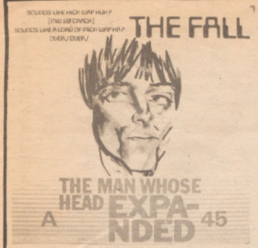
Deja Voodoo will be playing at 4177 St. Denis for 3 days starting August 31.

-TED E

DUTCHY'S

SPECIALIZES IN:
BRITISH, AMERICAN, GERMAN
IMPORTS

1587 ST. LAURENT, MTL.
TEL: 844 6208



Mark E. Smith has dug into his seemingly endless reservoir of urban angst and come up with another gem in the "Man Whose Head Expanded." Over a dinky rythm machine and a solid bass and drum beat Smith spits "sounds like hick wap, huh?/(Mig 20 crap)/Sounds like a load of mick wap ha?/Over/Over!" in one of his most visceral vocals on record. There is a phonetic allusion here to "Sounds like Hitler, huh" which is haunting and certainly not accidental. The song concerns a man with delusions of grandeur and is replete with snide turns of phrase like "the sub-operator would follow him around and use his jewels for TV prime-time," and "he was corrupted by his sociological memory." One is endeared to Mr. Smith for life when he screams "Turn that bloody, blimey, space invader OFF!" in deference to the Casio drum machine. The song is more than just a lyrical masterpiece, it features complex rythm changes and proceeds at breakneck speed propelled by Smith's rants and a thick upbeat bassline. This is the most accessible and well produced single the Fall have released in a long while and help them get a touch more exposure; though judging from the bands recent live performance (almost all new songs) and their past, one wonders whether they want to reach a larger audience.

The flip "Ludd Gang" is similar to some of the bands previous material with it's abrasive guitar, repetitive refrain and a machine like thud-bang rythm. "Got a hole in the rain for you" Mark E. condescendingly drawls like a deranged sales clerk. The songs subject, as most Fall tunes is little p political, and obscure to a North American listener who isn't usually familiar with British current events. The bands ability to put accross an idea or issue while remaining abtruse is one of it's strengths.

All in al this may be the best Fall single since "Lie Dream of a Casino Soul" and judging by their live performance, their new album is essential for the Fall fan and all individuals of discerning taste.

- Mark N.

Punk and DisorderlyIII:
-The Final Solution
a compilation lp.

After a long wait the world's pleas and prayers have been answered and childrenof all ages, as they say, have finally been rewarded with the last episode in the monumental trilogy of ...are you ready for this, Luke Skywalker...Punk and Disorderly.

In early 1982 the first hardcore compilation to escape critical slashings was released in Britain. Compared to the Oi compilations issued the year before, Punk and Disorderly avoided any overt relationship to skinhead ideology or politicising. The bands featured Vice Squad, G.B.H. Dead Kennedys, Partisan, et al, were recorded in an almost K-tel pop-like context: one track per band, each song a fast, clean display of good hardcore fun with the occaisional lyric here and there.

More than half a year later Punk and Disorderly-Further Changes was released as a follow up. By this time the compilation format had reached massive popularity with hardcore bands in North America, e.g. Rat Music for Rat People, All Quiet on the Western Front, This is Boston not L.A. The second P and D disc continued to showcase new hardcore in Britain, broadening to include the non-typical, eery punk sound of The Dark, while still featuring bands that had been available on the first P and D, like G.B.H., The Insane, Abrasive Wheels and Vice Squad. Somehow Further Changes didn't hold together or pack as powerful a punch as its predessor.

And now, in the film industry summer of the Part Three, Anagram records has contributed its own admirable contender in Punk and Disorderly III- the Final Solution. Punk and Disorderly III lashes out with the energy of the first P and D compilation with the now established excellent acts of its protegés: The Expelled. One Way System, The Violators, and the Abrasive Wheels, the only band to have been featured on all three LPs. A first is P and D's offering of better known 'big time' hardcore like the Exploited, U.K. Subs, Angelic Upstarts, Chron Gen and the new Vibrators.

The cover of the Final Solution is a collage of 10 Downing Street, littered with dead punks shot down by riot police, Margaret Thatcher stands shoulder to shoulder with one Mr. A Hitler while two large red Nazi party flags hang above their heads. Meanwhile inside the record jacket, P and D III lies shining in all its glory complete with camouflage coloured vinyl.

This time around, aside from the softcore pop punk of ChronGen, Vibrators Angelic Upstarts and the Newtown Neurotics, Punk and Disorderly III bursts with 16 closely laid tracks of fast, tough hardcore. Both the Abrasive Wheels and the Expelled sound better on P and D III than their available tracks on Further Changes. U.K. Subs pound out their usual, up to par with "Police State", while The Exploited break all speed barriers (and they say the Americans play too fast) with "Computers don't Blunder". The Ejected's half serious "Have You Got 10p?" is the hands down winner of the novice band running away with one of the most infectious tracks on Punk and Disorderly III-the Final Solution.

So summer fare may be generally tedious but the third and concluding segment in this trilogy does justice to the respectful name of its two counterparts. If you stood in line for the first two, camping out for Punk and Disorderly III may be the only way to quarantee your part in something big. Oh yes, and may the Force be with you.

Clea Notar

DEATH PARTY
-by the Gun Club

Except for the title track, Death Party is not as macabre as its title suggests. Most of the songs are really about personal relationships. The House on Highland Ave. leads off the EP and is certainly the catchiest song on it. Peirce sings it in the third person but it sounds almost as if he's directing it at himself. It's about a man who dominates all of his relationships in the cruellest of ways. He can only admonish him by warning :"One day you will find out what kind of monster you've become." but one wonders if this is an exercise in self-exorcism,-possibly.

To hurt and be hurt. In The Lie Pierce sings about being on the other end. It starts off with the same riff as the Doors Peace Frog (further solidifying a concious or unconcious link to Jim Morrison). From there the song speeds along on a forcefully repeated riff as J.L. discovers the truth about this girl.

The title track Death Party provides a suitable soundtrack to the cover painting. A body laid out on a table; food is provided for the guests. Amidst feedback and a strong beat Pierce wails "I'm at a Death Party, I won't be back at all." Later he invites us to come along "you ain't got nothing to lose".

Chris Stein co-produced the songs on Death Party with Pierce and I must admit, I'm not all that thrilled with the result. It's a more commercial style, one that he's been trying since Stein first worked with him on Miami. This heavy production tends to mask the intensity that Pierce infuses into his songs; it still comes through but not as strongly as on Fire of Love or when they play live.

Nevertheless its a good EP, the songs drawing heavily on traditional American music-blues, rockabilly. If you can get by the glossy exterior, you'll find some very good songs underneath.

-Ted E.

Speaking in Tongues
by the Talking Heads

Speaking in Tongues is the latest chapter in David Byrne's fascination with funk. While the Head's previous LP Remain in Light was firmly rooted in black rythms, its complex arrangements and diversity of form were more akin to neo-psychedelic funk exercises than genuine article. Speaking in Tongues consolidates the Heads' relationship with all things black and shows the band no longer toying with the idea but comfortable as a full-fledged white funk band, and so the manage to carve a mean groove.

The opening of the album, Burning Down the Hour, defines the sound of the album. From the opening synth oscilation and funk crash as the big band kicks in, it shows a band exploring new subtleties of rythm while maintaining the the repetition which is so essential to their afro-mix. Making Flippy Floppy is certainly the most catchy cut on the album, Byrne's exhilerated vocals burning an indelible impression in your mind. Still, this is the sort of arrangement with its soaring keyboard run that will incite disappointment in those looking for stark inventiveness of Fear of Music or the Eno-infused "Remain in Light".

Alot has happened since 1980 when their last album was re leased. The Catherine Wheel,"the Tom Tom Club", and Jerry Harrison's Red and Black, each of the members going in a different direction. Byrne, certainly the most adventurous, explores the boundaries of funk on the Catherine Wheel, while the The Tom Tom Club, it seems, are content to be a cutsie fun dance band. It is evident that Weymouth and Franz have put their foot down regarding any other collaberation with Eno, who had been dubbed the "fifth Head". This is displayed in the lack of textural experimentation, one of the chief strengths of the albums the two produced. So, if you're looking for something Avant-garde, spend your money elsewhere.

That's not to say that this album lacks the intelligence or ironic wit of its predecessors. It seems,though, that the Heads are more interested in making you dance than think. A step forward or a step backward, depending on your perspective.

Nevertheless, there's not a weak song on the album. I Get Wild/Gravity with its haunting melody is a good example of where the Talking Heads can take funk. Swamp shows Byrne and the Heads making forays into blues, Byrnes vocals assuming a deep Mississippi delta guise. The rest of the album moves along at a steady groove, the lush production, complex rythm and the dense layers of instrumentation of the big band, along with Byrne's always witty turn of phrase make this an appealing album, and definitely their most accessible.

Only This Must be the Place (naive melody) does not fit into the album's afro-funk mold. In form it is similar to 77 with its simple rythm and quirky instrumentation. More importantly, though it positively exudes emotion, not about some abstract idea, but about Byrne's own life. In one of his most heartfelt vocal performances Byrne seems to exorcise the ghosts that have haunted him in the past. In one line, "Home, its where I want to be, but I guess I'm already there " he exclaims his new found happiness. Not only is t e song exhilerating but this could and should be a huge single hit.

Speaking in Tongues is the kind of album that can be listened to under any circumstances, particularly a party. and enjoyed. Its incessant rhythms and straight ahead good time lyrics should make it the most successful album the Heads have had to date. ~~One has whether it will be their~~ swansong.

-Mark N.

Aka/Darbari/Java Magic Realism
by Jon Hassell

Perhaps its unfortunate that Hassell's "first" album ("4th World PossibleMusics Vol.I") came out at the same time as Eno's "Music For..." series; many people confused this record with Eno's collaboratory and solo ambient endeavors. Although Hassell's music was relaxing,he was trying to do muchmore than explore tone colors and textures.

Working with an artist of such international stature as Eno did provide some benefits,though. Mainly the collaboration exposed Hassell to a much larger audience than he had ever achieved with his "Vernal Equinox" and "Earthquake Island" albums. And Hassell reached an even larger audience when he was featured on the Talking Heads' song "Houses in Motion" from their "Remain in Light" album. It was that airy,Middle Eastern style of trumpet playing that has become Hassell's trademark throughout his 3 EG albums.

Hassell called his music "4th World".It was his intention to combine 3rd World influences with the more well known Western ones. This is part of his on-going attempt to synthesize a new music;one that goes beyond the restrictive classifications of pop or classical and in fact,includes elements of both. His eagerness to incorporate both "serious" and "non-serious" sources is particularly pleasing and examplory of his democratic attitude towards all music.Thus in "Magic Realism",he uses all kinds of sources without regard to their origonal classifications.He joins them all together,creating new relationships and a new aesthetic with its own set of classifications

For example,he uses an Indian raga,the voices of pygmies,and segments of Hollywood orchestration circa 1950.Rather diverse sources to be sure,but Hassell manages to blend them together successfully. In ignoring the classical/non-classical and Western/non-Western dichotimies,Hassell produces his own form It all comes out sounding rather dream-like and other-worldly but thats what Hassell has in mind...

"the creation of fantasy-like sound textures ("magic") via computer manipulation of pre-existing sound objects("realism").

"Magic Realism consists of 2 pieces,Empire i-v and Darbari Extension i-ii.Side 1 opens up with Empire i,a short piece that endlessly repeats a simple motif from Jon's trumpet.

The second Empire was co-written with Dan Lanois.He's an engineer origonally,that is now playing an increasingly important role in Hassell's music,especially since Eno is not present on this album at all.Its an interesting piece that uses low,resonant sounds that sound as if they were produced by softly hitting large gongs.A watery sound plays over the rhythm.It sounds like tuned percussion played back at a very high speed.

Three,five,and Darbari i are in the "traditional" Hassell sound-breathy horn played over slow resonant drumming.

Four and Darbari ii are similiar in that they both use the identical motif.In fact,this motif-and others-make their appearance in this and other pieces throughout the 2 sides,providing a cohesiveness to the album.This repetitiveness is not done for any lack of ideas.It is the inter-play of the rather limited number of sources used,within the changing contexts of the pieces,that provide the under-lying structure for the album.It,therefore,takes several listenings to hear these relationships and their developments. I liken it to a slowly changing kaleidoscope-each scene somewhat the same as the last one yet defionately different.

Now if all this sounds too complex for you ,don't worry about it. The appeal of Hassell's music is that it can be listened to at many different levels of concentration and still be enjoyed.So if you're tired of the shallowness of pop and the pompousness of classical,Hassell may provide a refreshing alternative for you.

Ted E

setting the tone for the rest of the evening's performance. The band seemed almost to explode at the first drum crash and Byrne contorted himself like a madman, establishing a riveting stage presence.

The show consisted mainly of songs from the new album, sprinkled in with some old gems and some solo material from both Byrne and the Tom Tom Club. The incessant rythmic thrust and irresistable melodies had much of the crowd swaying in time. The complex melange of their instrumentation and the depth of the mix on songs such as Making Flippy Floppy was almost hypnotic. On the new single Swamp Byrne delivers an exhilerating vocal performance on what is essentially a departure for the Heads, a semi-blues influence. On all the songs Tina Weymouth's standout bass work, Franz's stolid percussion, Bernie Worrels synth runs, plus the two backing singers Edna Holt and Lynn Mayberry are a central component of the afro-funk mix. Houses in Motion the brilliant single from "Remain in Light" was performed faultlessy as Byrne jerked himself around like a preacher, spasmodically banging his forehead with his hand during the refrain "same as it ever was, same as it ever was". Two of the best performances of the evening came on two songs from Byrne's the Catherine Wheel; Big Blue Plymouth, and particularly Big Business. The band moved together not as seperate instruments but as a unified undulating whole, as Byrne screamed about the impending collapse of our society and the resulting fascism of big business. It was evident that most of the crowd either couldn't hear or perhaps were only semi-literate when Byrne yelled "think you've had enough, big business after the shakedown" and a portion of the multitude yelled "NO!", Police fans no doubt.

The show climaxed with a torrid version of Life During Wartime, Byrne's subtle ironies winding their way through the frantic adrenalin soaked beat. They also perform a superb rendition of I Zimbra another song from Fear of Music, their most consistent if not their best album. The dual guitar work of Byrne and Alex Weir provides the perfect counterpoint to the complex polyrythms of Weymouth, Franz and percussionist, bongo player, Steve Scales. They encored with their standard "Take Me to the River and left you wanting for more. Undoubtedly one of the best shows to hit Montreal this year. Let's hope the Heads return soon to a smaller venue. Are you listening promoters.

One footnote. The sound was good for the Heads despite the fact that the Police didn't allow any of the support acts sound checks. Byrne is not the type to take this sort of thing lying down, so to express his anger, in the middle of the set he grabbed one of the Polise's ever so expensive video cameras and preceeded to pull it up on stage. He pointed it out at the audience with a questioning look of semi-contempt. The message he seemed to be trying to get accross was that he and the people on stage were essentially the same as the audience. A pointed jab at the Police and the star making machinery around them.

Speaking of the Police I didn't bother staying for their show. Thought I'd leave the kids alone with their stock- market idols.

ARCMTL 2017

ARCMTL 2017

ARCMTL 2017